IN SAVOY: A NEW PLAY ABOUT FRANCE . . By Gertrude Stein

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Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

VOLUME XXV NO. 11 NEW YORK SATURDAY MARCH 16 1942

"THEY CHANGE THEIR SKIES"
by Letitia Preston Osborne
Reviewed by Amy Loveman

"THE BASIS OF LASTING PEACE"
by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson
Reviewed by George N. Shuster

"NAMES ON THE LAND"
by George R. Stewart
Reviewed by Horace Reynolds

"THE FUTURE OF EUROPE"
by Johannes Steel
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"A TEXAN IN ENGLAND"
by J. Frank Dobie
Reviewed by W. H. Hindle

"THE GHOSTLY LOVER"
by Elizabeth Hardwick
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay

SEEING THINGS
(A Review of "Carousel")
by John Mason Brown

—SRL Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield

LETITIA PRESTON OSBORNE'S "They Change Their Skies" is "escape literature in the best sense of the word." (See page 8)

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THE ONE PEACE PLAN That Has Always Worked

You have read and listened to so much about peace that you probably feel nothing remains to be said. Yet, realizing this surfeit of peace articles, we have chosen one for the lead feature in the May AMERICAN MERCURY. It is that kind of article—one that simply cannot be by-passed by editor or reader. The way to permanent peace is not via the Yalta and San Francisco routes, not by repeating the mistakes of World Peace I, not by a League of Nations with a new name, nor by an international police force nor a universal debating society. Emery Reves has an idea—new in the discussion of future peace, yet tried and tested through many centuries. This distinguished writer and thinker, author of the widely acclaimed "Democratic Manifesto," expresses a concept so fundamental that all other proposed peace plans must be measured by it. Read "The New League and the Next War."

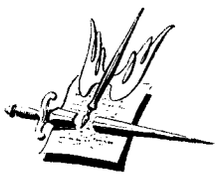
SHALL WE RETALIATE ON WAR PRISONERS?

The entire country is shocked, horrified, at the Nazi mistreatment of prisoners of war. Yet we hear rumors of extraordinary consideration for German prisoners in our hands. What is the truth of the matter? Precisely how do we handle our prisoners and why? Are they abused, mollycoddled, treated sensibly? Do they get food and privileges denied to our civilians? What is the effect of our policy upon German soldiers in the field and upon American prisoners in German hands? No less an authority than the Provost Marshal General himself, the officer in charge of all prisoners, describes our policies, methods, and results. This is the War Department report — official, authoritative, factual, detailed. Read "The Army Reports on Prisoners of War" by Major General Archer L. Lerch.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY—for May—NOW ON SALE

Are the oil wells and strategic needs in the Near East brewing a fresh cause of war? Read *The Big Three in the Near East* by Andre Visson. Read *Senator Ball of Minnesota,* a frank analysis by Roscoe Drummond. *East and West* by Pearl Buck will help you to understand the Orient. *The Behavior of Pain* by Betsey Barton is an important aid in removing the psychological barrier erected about our wounded veterans. Claire Phillips tells her own story of her career as an American spy in the Philippines, and Stewart H. Holbrook produces a history of Dorothea Dix who, a century ago, waged single-handed war for humane treatment of the insane. Rollin Kirby, dean of the American cartoonists, writes an appreciation of Low, the great British caricaturist. Channing Pollack tells good-humoredly about *The Plagiarism Racket.* There's Willard Shelton on *The Wartime Press and Labor.* Leona Alberts Wassersug writes about *Prostigmine—A New Wonder Drug.* There's a typical Mercury story by Marjorie Stengel. And we have George Jean Nathan and Alan Devoe, both in fine form, and the usual departments, *The Library, Check List,* and *Open Forum.* Altogether a vibrant, stimulating issue—varied, thought-provoking, readable.

Unpopular Truths



THE AMERICAN MERCURY is deservedly unpopular with ostriches and yes-men. That is because it does not hesitate to tell an unpopular truth, regardless of the price in circulation loss. It dares to make enemies. It has no vested interest in a point of view. It believes in facing dangers instead of ignoring them. It believes as a fundamental creed in the curative powers of the printed page. It dares to oppose facts to prejudices no matter how deep-seated. But for the sake of its own publishing conscience, it does not dare to distort, neglect, or conceal the truth. THE MERCURY "calls 'em as it sees 'em."

Lawrence E. Spivak PUBLISHER

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writes her best ALBERT CAMPION story . . . about art treasures, Nazis, and death!

AS His Majesty's loyal servant, Albert Campion was entitled to a hard-earned military leave, but Scotland Yard couldn't understand his annoyance when a corpse appeared in his bed . . . Tempted back into sleuthing with a clue that twisted from the Nazis to the blue-blooded Lady Caradoes, Campion found dark motifs in the sinister tapestry, the theft of national art treasures on a frightening scale, and the artificial pearls which provided the final clue—to murder and the deadly agents who directed it.

Pearls Before Swine

At your bookseller's, $2.00

The May
CRIME CLUB SELECTION

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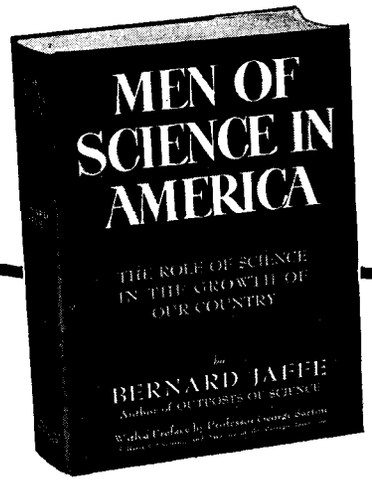

"Science for the layman at its authentic best"

—The Scientific Book Club Review

"A series of lively personal sketches and a useful, rapid picture of what is going on in such fields as general physics, genetics, astronomy and atomic research." *—The New Republic*

"Mr. Jaffe gives us more than a series of penetrating biographies. We have not only pictures of exceptional scientists in action, but a history of science in biographical form. Though the men selected were not aware of their social importance, they influenced society profoundly. This social note vibrates through the book, and stands as an example of the way biographies should be written."
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"A pioneer in an important field. Mr. Jaffe has succeeded in stating an outline of American science and in describing its continuities and interrelationships, and is, so far as I know, the first historian who has ever done so. He has written a book which has long been needed."
—New York Herald Tribune

Professor George Sarton of Harvard has written the foreword. The book contains 600 pages, 28 plates, and 25 text diagrams. Third printing.
Price $3.75

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Memo to the men at San Francisco

The war in Europe is almost over, and the hardest part of the fight is about to begin.

Some of the most perplexing problems of all time lie ahead of you.

Millions of people have been uprooted, governments have been destroyed; words like democracy and freedom and honor have lost all meaning in some parts of the world.

Your job is to bring some sense to insanity and order to chaos; food to starving people and just punishment to the ones who starved them; dignity and humanity to human wrecks who have been deprived of the power to stand on their own feet and take care of their own.

The minds of free people today are swarming with a hundred questions: Who started this thing? Why? How can the victims of fascism in Europe get back on their feet, bring democracy back to their countries, see that it stays there? How can we fix it so that more of us won't have to die in another war, twenty, thirty years from now?

Your Conference, opening on April 25th, is going to clear up some of these uncertainties for us. While you map out the future of Europe, we will try our best to get a clear, comprehensive understanding of the issues involved, and the job to be done.

Johannes Steel, the news analyst, has written a book that will be indispensable to many of us. Its title is THE FUTURE OF EUROPE. Publication has been set for the day that the Conference opens . . . for a definite reason. We believe that THE FUTURE OF EUROPE will be the book on world affairs most needed, during and after the Conference . . . to clarify the issues covered . . . to give a definite, concise, informative picture of what ails Europe, and how she can be cured . . . to show Americans their place in the world of the future.

Will the destruction of nazism effectively destroy the German desire to conquer the world? What is nazism? Who started it? How can it be stopped?

How can an effective democracy be set up in Germany?

How did fascism arise in Finland, Poland, France? Who are the enemies of democracy in these countries?

How can the shockingly low standard of living in the Balkans be raised? How can democracy be established there?

We believe that every American interested in a peaceful world should arm himself with the facts in THE FUTURE OF EUROPE. It is the best kind of preparation for the long job ahead of each one of us. *$3.00*

THE FUTURE OF EUROPE

BY JOHANNES STEEL

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
257 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 10

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The Saturday Review of Literature

In Savoy

A New Play About France During the Occupation

GERTRUDE STEIN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Gertrude Stein has written a new play, the manuscript of which has just been received by her publishers, Random House. Here, in "preview" form, is the script of the last scene. The play is concerned with two families in a French village in unoccupied France, from the time Pétain started to organize a new army to the day the Americans marched into Paris.* *Copyright 1945, Random House.*

Living Room of Constance's Home in a French village, August 23, 1944.

(Constance looking out of the window calls Henry, Henry comes in.)

CONSTANCE: What has happened, Henry.

HENRY: My father is avenged. My knuckles are broken but my father is avenged.

CONSTANCE: Henry, what happened.

HENRY: We fought, we killed, we made prisoners and I beat the prisoners up, I did not kill them, I beat them up, my knuckles are broken and my father is avenged.

CONSTANCE: Oh Henry, now everything is going so well everything is terrible, Henry, Henry.

HENRY: There you are, Constance, yes, how can you hate, how can you when you have never suffered, that is to say when your country has never suffered. France has suffered, how many times she has suffered, how many times she has been avenged. How often have sons avenged their fathers. I have avenged my father, and pretty soon now we will avenge our country, pretty soon.

CONSTANCE: Will it be very soon, Henry.

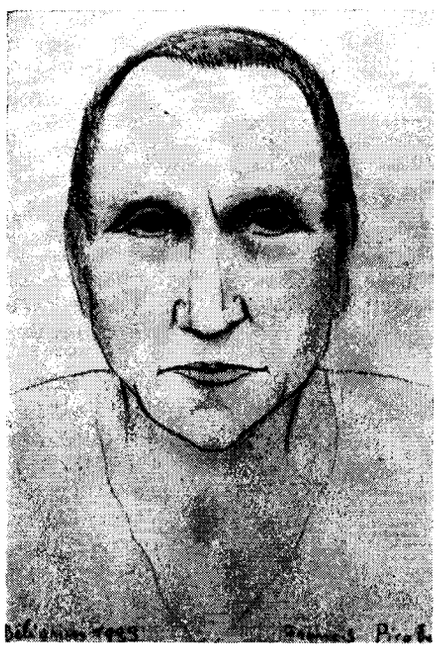
HENRY: It will be soon. I have not told you but Ferdinand knew about my father's being killed.

CONSTANCE: Oh Henry, have you seen him.

HENRY: Yes I saw him but he knew about it before I saw him. He hunted me up when he heard and after he too had avenged my father.

CONSTANCE: Did he.

HENRY: Yes Constance, he did, he did avenge my father. It is queer how he heard about it. He had been sent on a mission to find out something that was happening and he had to go into a government office and there he heard two men talking and they told that my father had been killed. Ferdinand was there at the door and he heard them tell that my father had been killed.



—*From a drawing by Francis Picabia*
Gertrude Stein

CONSTANCE: Poor poor Ferdinand.

HENRY: Dont worry, my father is avenged, dont you worry about that. Ferdinand did it and I did it, they have payed these dirty beasts have payed.

CONSTANCE: It is not true that I do not understand. I do understand but, oh dear.

HENRY: I know it is alright but you see feeling the way you do, well it makes me sick. You dont want the reward of your work, you've worked well but you dont want the reward of your work, the reward of your work is vengeance, and you dont want vengeance and so you dont want the reward of your work. What is the use of working if you do not want the reward of your work, what's the use. Well I do, and I'll have it. I have avenged my father, so has Ferdinand and now I will avenge France and so will Ferdinand, that is the reward for our work, you have worked well, Constance, but you dont want the reward of your work, you wait, not you but perhaps, well no use talking, no use, you're nice, you're courageous but you have no guts, Constance. You dont want the reward of your work.

(And Henry stormed out of the room. Constance begins to play with the radio suddenly the announcer announces, Attention, attention, attention, Paris is free. Attention, attention, attention. Paris is free.)

CONSTANCE: I dont care what Henry says that is the reward of my work.

(The two old servants come into the room.)

THE SERVANTS: Oh Mademoiselle, is it true, is it, is it true that Paris is free. Georges Pouper just called out that Paris is free.

CONSTANCE: ***(kissing them on both cheeks French fashion)*** Yes my dears, it is true, where is Georges, I want to kiss him, Georges.

GEORGES: *(coming in)* Yes Mademoiselle, it is true, Paris is free and we are free, we have just shot the fifty Bosches that were left in the marshes, shot them like rabbits, they are like rabbits, when they do not win they are like rabbits and we shoot them like rabbits, I shot five, shot them dead all five of them.

CLOTHILDE AND OLYMPE: Of course you did, you good brave Georges. We heard you shoot them, when we remember how they occupied this house in forty and how they slept in the house and took sun baths all

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naked on the lawn and then the day of the armistice, the beasts, we were just two sad lonely old women and they put their phonograph in front of our kitchen door and it blared out all their horrible German songs, and each one would come into the kitchen and call out, France kaput, and we just wouldnt cry in front of them. No, we just wouldnt, and they broke open our trunks and they stole all our shoes and stockings, all we had, the dirty beasts, Germany caput, Germany caput, oh Georges, oh Mademoiselle, (*and they fell aweeping.*) Yes now we can cry now they are gone, gone forever. Yes now we can cry, now we can.

CONSTANCE: (*patting them both*) Now pull yourselves together we have to make flags, French flags and American flags and English flags and Russian flags.

GEORGES: No use in making them, Mademoiselle, you can buy them, and American and French flag ribbon.

CONSTANCE: From whom.

GEORGES: (*laughing*) From the bazaar, the biggest collaborator in this town, the one who said everybody should send their sons to Germany to help the Germans and he was consistent enough, he sent his, he has his store full of flags, French flags, English flags, American flags and ribbons, no no Russian flags, everybody is in there buying them. He is just coining money.

CONSTANCE: Will I ever understand, but Georges, where did he get them.

GEORGES: Get them, he always had them, he was sure the Germans were going to win but he kept them all, well, he always keeps everything. I suppose some of them were left over from the last war and I know that he is as pleased as anything to have them and to sell them and everybody is as pleased as anything to buy them.

CONSTANCE: But Georges, how is it that the Germans did not find them.

GEORGES: Because he had them put away, hid them if you like but what difference would it make. The Germans, bah, the Germans, they never found anything.

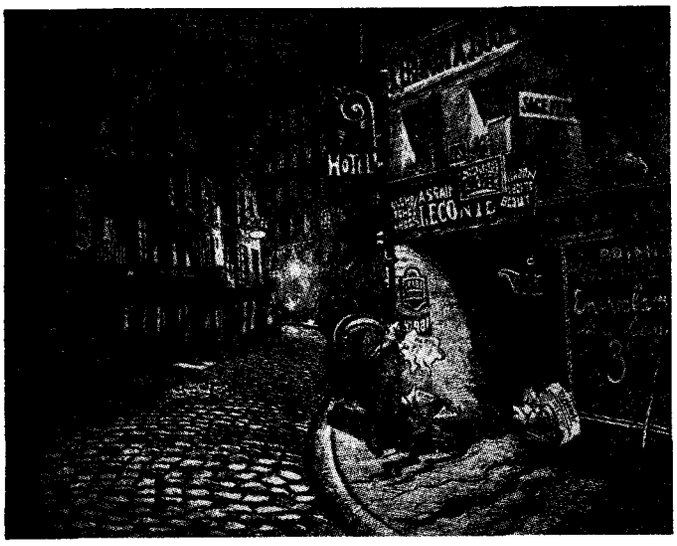
CONSTANCE: Well all of you go to that collaborator and buy a lot of them and we will cover the house with them and lots of ribbon for the children.

(*They all go out. Claude comes rushing in.*)

CLAUDE: Hullo Constance.

CONSTANCE: Are you pleased, Claude, pleased that Paris is free.

CLAUDE: Of course, of course, well, yes of course, although, well yes of course, do you know Constance, Achille is joining the army, he says that he will help America beat Japan.



—*Illustrations by Harold C. Geyer from "All Men Have Loved Thee."*

CONSTANCE: He does say that, does he, well you can tell him from me, that the Americans dont want him they wont have him, you can tell him that from me.

CLAUDE: What do you mean. Wont have him, they have to have him, the French army wants him, of course they want him, he has written to his old captain to tell him he is ready to join him, my gracious not want an aviator who has brought down five enemy planes. Of course they will want him.

CONSTANCE: (*angrily*) I tell you they dont want him and they wont have him. The French army can take him if they want him. We dont. Hell, anyway, Claude, what does he want to fight for now. Why dont he stick to his opinions.

CLAUDE: Of course you dont understand, you never understand, as long as the marshal was at the head of the government he obeyed the marshal, any good soldier would, and now that the marshal is not any longer at the head of the government, why naturally Achille obeys the man who is at present at the head of the government and so he joins the army. Anybody ought to be able to understand that.

CONSTANCE: So Achille is just like a dog, when you tell him to come to heel he comes to heel and when you tell him to fight, he fights. What'd the use of being a man if you are going to be like that, what is the use. Well I can tell you the American army does not want anybody like that fighting with them. I dont much think the French army does either.

CLAUDE: You are just jealous, you dont know anybody who has ever brought down five airplanes.

CONSTANCE: And did not wear his decorations because he was so modest, although everybody knew about it.

CLAUDE: You are horrible. I always hated you but when America was not successful I did not care so much but now that America is successful, that she has gotten rid of the dear marshal, that she has opened the door to Bochevism, that she hates the aristocracy, I tell you, Constance, I just hate you, hate you and all Americans, I hate you.

CONSTANCE: And still Achille wants to fight side by side with them.

CLAUDE: Well if he does it is because he does, because as a soldier he does.

CONSTANCE: There is no use talking, Claude, they wont have him, nothing could make me believe the French army would have him. No I dont believe they would have him in spite of his five airplanes. No all this time, well we did not say much but now France is free and we tell each other what we really think, no the French army does not want Achille.

CLAUDE: You beast, if they dont take him I know it will be your fault, the fault of those awful Americans, and it will break my mother's heart and it will disappoint Achille, and never never never, no never will I speak to you again, no never.

(*And she rushes out. Constance sits down heavily. Oh my gracious, she says. Clothilde and Olympe come in with arms full of flags.*)

Oh Mademoiselle, just think, there are lots of little children in this town who have never seen any flag, not any kind of a flag not even a Bosche flag, you know they never carried flags, we dont know why but they never did and little children who are now five and six years old have never seen a flag and certainly never seen a French flag. You should have seen them, they touched the flags so timidly and one little one wanted to know what it was and we knew you would like it and we pinned pieces of American ribbon on each one and then we made them stand up in front of the French flag and say Vive la France, honor to the maquis, and the darlings

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they all said it and we were so happy and they are so happy and it is all so wonderful, we are free and everybody's eyes are all smiling. Oh dear me. (*and beginning to cry they both say laughing*) We can cry now all we want. Yes mademoiselle, we can.

(*Henry comes in.*)

HENRY: Hullo, you old dears, my gracious, you have gotten flags, has the old collabo any left now that you have bought out the collection, well hang them out, hang them out.

(*And he shows the two old women out.*)

CONSTANCE: Henry, I have just had a dreadful quarrel with Claude, a really dreadful quarrel.

HENRY: Did you, well one does and one does and one does not but one mostly does. Did you.

CONSTANCE: Yes Henry and this time really this time we probably will never speak to each other again.

HENRY: Well, perhaps not and then perhaps you will. You never can tell.

CONSTANCE: Henry, dont be so unfeeling.

HENRY: Unfeeling and I have just come from a wonderful family scene. Claude was not there, she was busy quarreling with you but all the rest of them were there.

CONSTANCE: And Achille.

HENRY: Achille, my gracious, poor Achille. He is holding his head and surrounded with papers he must sign to get back into the army, but in every one there is the question, what did you do for the resistance. No they dont say, what did you do in the great war daddy, but what did you do for the resistance, and oh my goodness, Achille, what did he.

CONSTANCE: Well, then he wont be taken into the army.

HENRY: Not unless he finds out that he did do something for the resistance, you never can tell, perhaps he will find out that he did something for the resistance, perhaps he will.

CONSTANCE: Oh Henry, it is so awful now we are all so happy and we are all quarreling, oh Henry, it is awful.

HENRY: Why not, if not why not. Oh you ought to see them. You see now of course there is going to be communism, anyway that is the way they feel about it and they think the old mother thinks of course the old father never thinks anything, the old mother thinks she better divide up the property among the children so the communists wont notice, as they might if it was all together, but she hates to let go, how she hates to let go.

CONSTANCE: And what do you get, Henry.

HENRY: Well, as the most unpopular son-in-law I only get a duck pond with the meadow around it. My, it's funny. Hullo if there isnt Ferdinand. Come in Ferdinand, well well.

CONSTANCE: Ferdinand.

HENRY: Yes there he is.

(*Ferdinand comes in.*)

FERDINAND: Paris is free.

HENRY: As if we didnt know it. Yes Paris is free. Have you said goodbye up at the house Ferdinand.

FERDINAND: Yes, I have said goodbye.

HENRY: Well, so-long old man.

FERDINAND: So-long.

(*Henry goes.*)

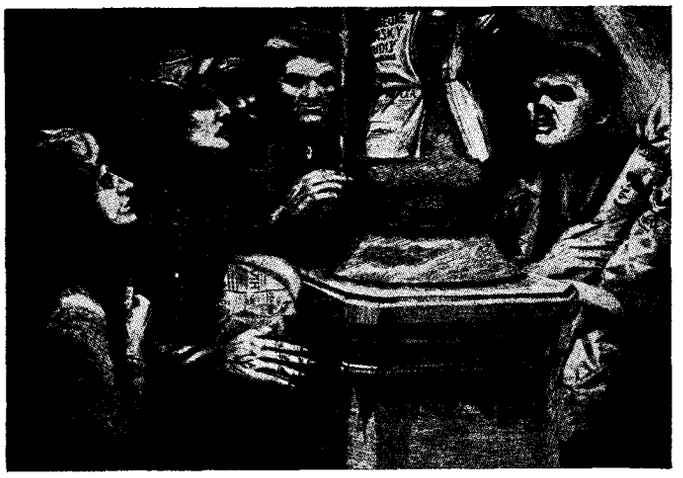
CONSTANCE: Why are you saying good-bye up at the house.

FERDINAND: Because good-byes have to be said.

CONSTANCE: Ferdinand, you know I have had a dreadful quarrel with Claude and I do not really think that we will ever speak to each other again.

FERDINAND: Does that really matter, Constance.

CONSTANCE: Ferdinand, what do you mean.



FERDINAND: Why should it matter, it's all over. You will never see any of us again. You wont see Henry. Henry loves his wife and adores his little girl and it's all over and that is all that there is when it's all over.

CONSTANCE: Is it really all over.

FERDINAND: Yes really all over. You will go back to the quays of Paris and sooner or later to roasted chickens.

CONSTANCE: And you, Ferdinand.

FERDINAND: Ah, this time I do disappear.

CONSTANCE: Disappear where to.

FERDINAND: Hush, you must not ask, but I'll tell you just the same. To Germany. No, I did not go back there to work, but I am being sent there to organise my fellow countrymen.

CONSTANCE: Ferdinand.

FERDINAND: Yes, Constance, this is our war, you have done your share. Your countrymen will fight some more, but this is our war, our war, and we will fight it and we will win.

CONSTANCE: Yes, I know and so it is all over.

FERDINAND: Yes, look facts in the face, Constance, for you it is all over, for Henry it is all over, but for me it is just beginning.

CONSTANCE: Yes, Ferdinand, yes Ferdinand.

FERDINAND: I wont have time to think so I wont think about you and the quays of Paris and the roast chickens and Henry and Claude and the little girl who looks like me, no I wont have time to think. Good-bye, Constance.

CONSTANCE: Good-bye, Ferdinand.

Curtain

Violin in Virginia

(SULPNECK RIDGE)

By Matthew Biller

WIND-LIPT rune on Shenandoah,
Red fox padding Chimney Run,
Hoick and hound in hoar frost beard.
Winesaps sirupt and seared with sun.

Meadows strange with a homesick whistle,
Cities lost on a pasture train,
Harvest rye and thistle soughing
Soft to the sky and pineleaf rain.

Chestnut rails where blue hawberries
Scatter clouds, forbidden kiss
Taunting merrily . . . nudging . . . knowing
Love is never twice like this.

The heart returns from its hurt and hurry
(Sulpneck sings on the Blue Ridge floor!)
And nimble strings pluck at the latched-up
Portals opened once before.

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And Hearts as Well

THEY CHANGE THEIR SKIES. By Letitia Preston Osborne. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 239 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THIS is escape literature in the best sense of the word, not because it evades reality and suffering—it doesn't, one of its exiles finds life too tragic to be able to support it—but because it projects the reader into the midst of a group of people so eminently civilized in their attitudes, so spontaneous in their reactions to life and living that to be with them for the period of the book is to know the pleasure of agreeable hours spent among likable individuals. Miss Osborne's volume is one of those novels that are all too rare, a pleasant, lively love story, with well-realized characters, credible situations, and sprightly dialogue. Though its happenings and personalities are of the moment, it is in an older tradition of American literature, with not a little of the fidelity to detail in portraying the simple incident of daily life, and something of his technique in the assembling of the cast of characters, which constituted the art of William Dean Howells.

The story plays in Honduras where a cosmopolitan group are housed in a hospitable pension run by a wise and gracious old lady. Here Isabel Gresham, a pretty and attractive young American attached to the United States legation, Ralph Hewitt, her countryman and co-worker, an eccentric Englishman, some German Jewish refugees hoping to make their way to the United States, Hondurans, and others meet about the dining table and on the porches. The small events of their daily lives, their discussions, the attempts of the exiles to master the English language, the despair and suicide of one of the refugees, the love story of Isabel and Ralph and its dissipation and resolution into two other love affairs, these are the stuff of the novel.

Miss Osborne has been remarkably successful in conveying the atmosphere of her Honduran scene. The warmth and sunshine and lush, lazy air of the country pervade her book, not as mere setting but an integral part of the story. And her characters, living human beings all, are each sharply differentiated, each presented in the round. Dona Elena, with her exquisite fastidiousness of mind and person, the fragrance of spirit which enveloped her and left her in age with something of the loveliness of youth, and which was like a benediction on the oddly-assorted group who constituted her boarders; Don Jose, with the patience, serenity, and wisdom of old age and that understanding heart which allowed him to divine, even before they did themselves, the needs and emotions of the young—these two, with a passionate, impetuous Honduran girl who falls desperately in love with the American, Ralph Hewitt, the American-trained and Americanized physician son of Dona Elena, who returns to Honduras to realize that this is his

land and to find there a foreign wife; these are the principal native characters, and they are eminently well portrayed. And Miss Osborne is no less successful with Mr. Pomfret, who under his prickly, brusque English frankness hides genuine kindness, and in her young Americans, with their healthy instincts and normal outlook on life, their preoccupation with each other and eventual breaking away.

In her German exiles she has drawn with no less sure a hand, and has managed admirably to invest the Holtzes, the warm-hearted German couple who try so humbly to master circumstance, with a genuine and lovable simplicity of soul even while she makes them at once amusing in their efforts to master English and in their occasional bepuzzlement. But it is with Fritz Abrams that she has touched tragedy and given her book more than mere charm to recommend it. For Fritz is a beautifully conceived and developed character, a person in whom is embodied the tragedy of the German Jew who has seen his people desecrated, his personal life torn and crushed, and who when love, too, fails him, can bear no more. He is the intellectual, the poetic soul, the man of good will in the world of evil, the Jew who bears the cross of his race, and whose grief is not for himself alone but for all who suffer like him. I do not know whether Miss Osborne had Stefan Zweig in mind when she wrote of Fritz Abrams but she might well have done so.

The tale of all these people is quietly and effectively unfolded, with warmth and feeling and sympathy. They and their affairs become of moment to the reader. They are such persons as we all know, with their crotchets and their whims, their affections and doubts and certainties, and they move and act with naturalness and charm. Miss Osborne keeps her tale well in hand, writes with economy and ease, and produces her effects with sureness. "They Change Their Skies" is delightful in the reading and lingers pleasantly in the memory.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

LINES FROM SOME OLD PLAYS

A. C. Palmer, of Pomfret Center, Connecticut, this week offers a quiz on famous lines from old plays. After reading them, can you identify the play and its author? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 24.

1. MARLOW: A modest woman, dressed out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

2. CROFTS: There are no secrets better kept than the secrets that everybody guesses.

3. DELEVIS: You call me a damned Jew. My race was old when you were all savages. I am proud to be a Jew.

4. FAUSTUS: Was this the face that launched a thousand ships, and burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

5. LORD DARLINGTON: What is a cynic? A man who knows the price of everything, and the value of nothing.

6. MRS. MALAPROP: If I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs.

7. MAURYA: What is the price of a thousand horses against a son where there is one son only?

8. MACHEATH: How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away!

9. MAGGIE: Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself; and the wife smiles, and lets it go at that.

10. IAGO: O, beware, my lord, of jealousy; it is the green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on.

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A Code for Social Order

THE BASIS OF LASTING PEACE. By Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc. 1945. 44 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

CRITICISM of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals has stressed the dangers latent in the grant of veto power to members of the Security Council and the absence of a clearly formulated bill of rights. The distinguished authors of the present little book do not ignore these important matters. They present for consideration, however, a number of other suggestions, for some of which they make an excellent case. In particular they argue that adequate provision should be made for the periodic review, and if necessary revision, of peace treaties, and hold that "none of the interested powers" should assent to the structure of a new international organization "until they can clearly see the nature of the peace settlement" which they are to enforce.

If diplomatic history possesses any value, these observations are of the greatest pertinence. Every major war has been followed by attempts to insure permanent peace. But what inevitably happened was that the terms of the peace treaty were considered sacrosanct by the victors and their allies, while the vanquished chafed and sought ways and means of changing those terms of force. That was the story of France after the War of 1870 and of Germany after the Treaty of Versailles. Similarly the support which any free people will accord its government rests in the final analysis upon its conviction that the action taken is in accord with its interests and its principles. It would therefore be an error to commit this or any great nation to an international organization pledged to enforce a peace of which it did not approve.

These contentions will be opposed by those who maintain that the task of organizing the peace is so vital that any sacrifice must be made for it, and by those who feel that the victory should be used to serve the cause of revolution. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson are conservatives. They desire a social order which will rest upon a code of clearly defined and generally accepted international law. Such a code, they insist, can alone prevent the conduct of dominant powers from becoming arbitrary and tyrannical. "The principles and ideals" which might well be given expression in it are already to be found in such documents as the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of Soviet Russia, and the Atlantic Charter. But there is no reference to them in the Dumbarton Oaks proposals. This omission is, of course, due to the fact that important ideological differences exist between the United Nations. That in spite of these some committment to principle might be obtained seems not too much to hope.

—*Fitzpatrick in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Weak Spot

The authors list a number of "principles" which in their view would add to the "moral authority" of the international organization. These include: repudiation of all territorial and other aggrandizement; reduction of armaments to the lowest level compatible with the preservation of the peace; and the recognition of the sovereign rights of the individual. These "rights" have been discussed upon numerous occasions, and they have been recommended to the San Francisco Conference by some of the principal American organizations concerned with the peace. Whether an agreement giving validity to these great freedoms, perhaps the most cherished values of Anglo-Saxon civilization, can be reached at the present time is doubtful. But that they must eventually become an integral part of any international order which is to endure seems clear.

More original is the contention that "a much more definite regional organization" of the peace structure is necessary. This suggestion has been made frequently, but has of late received little public attention. It is, however, obvious, as Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson say, that such an organization would relieve the major Security Council of responsibility for minor problems and at the same time endow the lesser powers with a larger measure of significance.

Many pages could be devoted to each of these proposals. This book has reduced the argument to the barest essentials and has thereby stressed the more forcefully the role of the average citizen. We all want peace. But it is clear that we can have it only if we create the conditions upon which a sound international order depends.

The Veteran Comes Home

PSYCHOLOGY FOR THE RETURNING SERVICEMAN. Prepared by a Committee of the National Research Council. Edited by Irvin L. Child and Marjorie van de Water. Washington and New York: The Infantry Journal and Penguin Books. 1945. 234 *pp. Index.* 25 *cents.*

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

THE best of advice can be distorted or abused, but granted a capacity for using it properly, the serviceman, his family and friends should find much profitable reading in this remarkably informative book. Seventy-four experts in the mental and social sciences are listed as critics and collaborators. Although this in itself is no guarantee of a good end product, in this case the sound judgment and literary ability of the editors has utilized the experts' knowledge in a most satisfactory way. The returning service man is given an extraordinary amount of sound information on a variety of topics, ranging from the general problems of emotional readjustment to civilian economic and emotional life to such specific matters as how to train one's hearing after becoming blind.

The first half of the book deals with more or less "normal" adjustments to the job and to the family. It is entirely honest and frank about sex and includes a little sketch of baby psychology for the benefit of men who have become fathers. It contains pertinent facts about marriage and wives, and about love and ambivalence. It discusses ordinary difficulties of learning in relation to new jobs, and has a few words to say about civic and economic social matters. The second half of the book takes up the special conditions that confront the convalescent, the ex-prisoners of war, the psychoneurotic, the victim of "combat nerves," and the physically injured. Though some parts are better than others, and the style is somewhat uneven and a little artificially man-to-man in the first part, the book is a great credit to its editors and contributors.

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The Naming of a Land

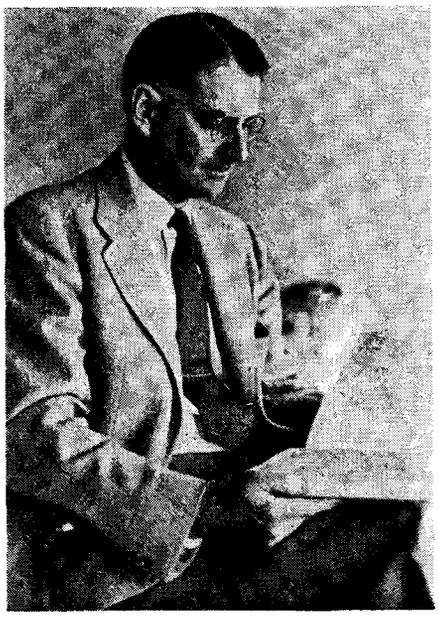
NAMES ON THE LAND. By George R. Stewart. New York: Random House. 1945. 418 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HORACE REYNOLDS

THIS is the story of the naming of a land, and Mr. Stewart begins it with a sentence which I confess gave me a thrill, hardened reviewer that I am. "Once, from eastern ocean to western ocean," he writes, "this land stretched away without names." When one stops to think that in the last four hundred years millions of place-names have been put upon that land by men of all races, all languages, and all conditions, one gets a sense of the spaciousness of Mr. Stewart's subject. Never was there another such a naming. Never will there be another such here on this earth. One is grateful that the subject has fallen to a man who has both the scholarship and the imagination to do it justice. Through the keyhole of the place-name Mr. Stewart has looked at the course of American history with the eye of a scholar poet.

Like an artist planning a large canvas, Mr. Stewart begins by sketching in the outlines. First the Spanish put names on Florida and California; Coronado and Oñate thrust up from Mexico to give us such names as El Paso and Colorado. The French sailed up the St. Lawrence to name the Great Lakes, from which they later carried the name of Mississippi down the length of the river which has been called everything from the rolling Spanish *El Rio del Espiritu Santo* to the shantyboat people's Old Al. Then the English brought Virginia and Jamestown to our map, and Captain John Smith sailed up the coast to return with such names as Potomac and Susquehanna. The English struck rock in the north to dot New England with such Eastern England names as Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex. The Dutch and the Swedes put their mark on the Middle Atlantic States. Because of them we have Sandy Hook, Hell Gate, and Schuylkill. Then when the Revolution had made the names our own, the trans-Allegheny pioneers carried them across the mountains and down the inland rivers. Later still these names were to ferry across the Mississippi and roll across the Great Plains in covered wagons.

The canvas is large and the points of interest are many. One early highlight is the expedition of Joliet and Marquette down the Fox-Wisconsin route to the Mississippi, which brought back more great names than any other single voyage. Mr. Stewart strings them on a cord for us to wonder at—Wisconsin, Peoria, Des Moines,



George R. Stewart shows us "our history from a new angle of vision."

Missouri, Osage, Omaha, Kansas, Iowa, Wabash, and Arkansas. The last were to become two of the most association-heavy of our place-names. If Mississippi and Kentucky are our greatest superstitions among names, Arkansas is our loudest laugh and Wabash one of our singin'est names. Remember "Wabash Cannonball" and "Wabash Blues," to say nothing of "the moonlight's fair tonight along the Wabash."

To look with Mr. Stewart at this great pageant of the naming of our land is to see our history from a new angle of vision. The singularity of New England, its isolation from the rest of the land, is recorded in place-name as well as in word. Names speak the greater individuality of the South (where the names sprang from the people not the government) in place-naming as well as in song. Vincennes plants the French on the Wabash; Vevay, Indiana, proves the Swiss grew grapes on the Ohio; the Great Revival left its mark on Connecticut in Goshen and Canaan (Land o' Goshen!). The names of the classical belt record our post-Revolution interest in the Roman republic. Names like Louisville and Lafayette repay our debt to the French for their help at Yorktown. English money talks in such Great Northern Railway names as Leeds, York, and Rugby. The hell-for-leather high jinks of the Forty-Niners throw their hats in the air in Mugfuzzle Flat and Shirttail Canyon. There's grandeur in such names as Missouri and the Golden Gate, but I confess I am fonder of the little names, the names the mountain men put on their creeks and hollers, the urban Negroes on their alleys, the river folk on their landings.

Certain conclusions emerge from Mr. Stewart's study. The Indians were not given to naming the mountains. The makeshift *United States* is the worst misfortune in our naming-history. Although our addiction to such names as Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln reveals us as a hero-loving people, only our first President has a state named after him. We borrowed more names from the Bible than from any other one book. The words *beautiful, fine,* and *pretty* do not occur in our place-names: we bury our embarrassment in the presence of beauty in such foreign words as *belle* and *buena.* The Negro for all his influence on our song has had little on our map.

Mr. Stewart never forgets that he is telling a story, not compiling the dictionary of American place-names which some day somebody will compile. The result is a book which should do a lot to awaken popular interest in the fruitful subject of our place-names. Although his eye is always on the process of naming, not on its detailed results, I believe every section of the country will find some of its important names here discussed. Whether or not one believes with Robert Louis Stevenson that our place-names are richer, more poetical, more humorous, more picturesque than those of any other part of the world, every one must agree with Mr. Stewart that more often than is the case in Europe our names can be linked with actual men and events. We know the Major McCulloch who made McCulloch's Leap; we know the Robert Harper of Harper's Ferry.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 98

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 98 will be found in the next issue.

LFBPKDD, NMZAOVRGH, LVGNMZC NMKL, OVRGH VM BJFGKZC, EMFXO VM CAL, VM EVEPFKC PASZ VM PMRGHCZ-PFKC. —SKGN CZFM.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 97

LONDON, JUST BEFORE DAWN —IMMENSE AND DARK—SMELL OF WET EARTH AND GROWTH FROM THE PARK.
—ALICE DUER MILLER
—THE WHITE CLIFFS.

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Through a Glass, Darkly

THE FUTURE OF EUROPE. By Johannes Steel. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1945. 256 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WAVERLEY ROOT

THE future of Europe is an inspiring subject, which offers an opportunity to consider the great swell of self-examination and determination to rebuild better than before which has swept over all those countries temporarily held by Germany; the struggle of the forces of pre-war conservatism to prevent their engulfing by this revolutionary wave; the emergence of Russia from her own particular variety of isolationism and the spreading of her influence westward; the efforts of Britain to conserve her former place in Europe and the world; the rebirth of France after Pétainism; the problem of Germany's future; and any number of related subjects, about which enough is now discernible to permit speculation and prediction. Mr. Steel, unfortunately, misses the opportunity. His book actually is a rehash of past history and contemporary events, with only so much reference to the future as is provided by an occasional vague and timid hint at what might occur in certain restricted fields.

Not only is Mr. Steel's book not much concerned with the future; it has even become partly outdated already because of developments which have occurred since the time of writing, especially in regard to Poland, Greece, and France. The gap between the manuscript and the title, Mr. Steel has apparently tried to bridge by his introductory chapter, which contains the standard portrait of the streamlined new world which is to be provided for us by the technological wonders of plastics, electronics, and even that darling of the Sunday supplements, the energy to be derived from splitting the atom. But after outlining the vision of the transformation which science and engineering are about to perform and preparing us to follow the effect of this revolution in his following chapters, the author abruptly forgets all about "the new industrial and scientific epoch."

This superficial simulacrum of a profundity which actually does not exist is one of the pervading faults of the book. It has many others. Mr. Steel is usually on what I would consider to be the right side of the political fence, but he does not seem to know how he got there. His alignment of known facts (I do not find any new ones) is badly organized, or rather not organized at all. It does not supply the right information to be intelligible to those not already conversant with international developments, and those persons able to add what the author has omitted would hardly be edified by what he has put in.

As one who has frequently taken up the cudgels for the Russian point of view, I must report that Mr. Steel's uncritical and undeviating acceptance of it on practically all occasions mars his discussion of many subjects, and, indeed, operates at times to make him a poor advocate for Russia—as when his apparent consciousness of his partisan approach causes him to gloss over Russia's actions in the Baltic States in a decidedly shamefaced manner, although an excellent case could be made out in support of them from a genuinely non-partisan viewpoint.

Mr. Steel's chapters on Poland, the Balkans, the Baltic States, Finland, and Czechoslovakia are largely statistical tables rearranged as sentences. Statistics are valuable, but they are easier to use in their unadorned form. Since Mr. Steel's sentences are as arid as the original tables, adding little to explain or amplify the bare figures, I would personally prefer to take his statistics in tabular form. With the chapters on Germany, the book becomes less boring; but Mr. Steel's account continues to be hampered by such failings as his omission of significant facts almost essential to prove his points. For example, emphasizing quite correctly the effect on her future history of the unification of Germany under Prussia, he speaks of "the suppression of the revolutionary movements of the year 1848 . . . primarily by Prussian troops" without noting that Prussia at that time defeated an early attempt to unify Germany because it would have been under other direction than her own. He makes a great mystery of the fact that "certain Americans" knew the exact date of the Anschluss "a few weeks" in advance. It is no great mystery to me, since I cabled the United Press on January 20, 1938 that Austria would be invaded about March 15. Perhaps some Americans read the newspapers.

Johannes Steel "is usually on the right side of the political fence."

Making due allowance for the unavoidability of some errors in fact in a work of this kind, I still feel that Mr. Steel has greatly exceeded the permissible percentage, especially when he reaches the subject of France—or perhaps it is simply my own greater familiarity with that country which results in the detection of more mistakes. He is particularly hard on Daladier, who, it must be agreed, made many blunders; but to call his government "semifascist" is to deprive the word of meaning. It is not true that the Popular Front "had been forced into inaction or even secrecy by the fear of prison, concentration camps, or the searching of premises." There were no concentration camps for French citizens under Daladier. It is not true either that "Daladier . . . made a habit of appointing his own men to replace any mayors and municipal councillors." He had no authority to do so. It is untrue that "the majority of [the Communist Deputies] were imprisoned by [Daladier's] orders even before the invasion of Poland." The Communists were voted out of the Chamber after hostilities began for the reason, which Mr. Steel refrains from mentioning, that they were opposing the war.

In short, Mr. Steel's work seems to me to be chiefly valuable as a demonstration that a book cannot be made simply by the process of industriously gathering a large number of facts. There is required also sufficient knowledge to discriminate between doubtful and creditable information and sufficient understanding to piece the mosaic into a comprehensible picture.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 579)

EDWARD LEAR:
*BOOK OF NONSENSE**

Why did I take the lodgings I have got
Where all I don't want is, all I want, not?
Already from two rooms we're driven away
Because the beastly chimneys smoke all day.
. . . . . Say, is this a joke,
That we, like hams, should be becooked in smoke?

*Eclogue composed at Cannes, December 9, 1867.

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The Heart of Texas in England

A TEXAN IN ENGLAND. By J. Frank Dobie. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1945. 285. pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by W. H. HINDLE

TWO contrasting traditions seem to have dogged Anglo-American literary relations since the War of Independence. One is that Englishmen shall be singularly unappreciative of the virtues of America, as witness Dr. Johnson and Charles Dickens among others. Another is that Americans shall be over-appreciative of England. (The lady who wrote "With Malice Toward Some" is only the exception which proves this rule.) Mr. Dobie exemplifies the latter tradition, so wholeheartedly as to put an English reviewer at some disadvantage. It is hard to be critical of so kind an Uncle Sam without appearing ungracious.

Mr. Dobie went to Cambridge University in the autumn of 1943 as a visiting Professor of American History. This book records his stay. It tells us nothing of his attempts to teach American history to the English, which would have been interesting; but it tells us much of wartime England as seen through friendly Texan eyes. The eyes were in the heart rather than in the mind; and in consequence there is no special plan to Mr. Dobie's book. It is a rambling series of snapshots of English persons and places, all displayed with affection. They give, as a more formal study might not have done, something of the sense of continuity in British history; something of the feeling of rural England for bird and animal life; and something of that proud certainty, which all Englishmen have, that "this England never did, nor never shall, lie at the proud foot of a conqueror."

The snapshots are skilfully interwoven with snatches of English history, quotations from the English poets, and anecdotes, especially anecdotes. There is almost an anecdote to a page, and in some three hundred pages that necessarily means that some of the anecdotes are stale indeed. There is, for example and inevitably, the chestnut about the Cambridge don who replied to an undergraduate's complaint of the lack of bathrooms in the college: "What are you grumbling about? You're only here eight weeks."

Yet, stale or not, such anecdotes are pleasant enough reading for an Englishman. They recall the old, forgotten, far-off things and battles long ago. The same is true of the quotations from the poets and the snatches of history. Whether these anecdotes and quotations will be such pleasant reading for an American, I am not sure. Nor am I sure that all Englishmen would want the picture of England, which Mr. Dobie gives, to be generally accepted as a picture of the England of today. It is too much a picture of a gentlemanly, feudal England; and too often Mr. Dobie seems to be apologizing for its feudal way of life. It is too little a picture of the industrial England, which occupies the majority of the English population and of which Mr. Dobie seems to have seen little. Had he seen more of this industrial England, he might have found many Englishmen who believe that the feudal way of life requires not apology, but abolition. Had he seen more of it, he might have quoted from the poems of Wilfred Owen and Siegfried Sassoon, of Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton, as well as those of Rupert Brooke. He might then have seen that

There is hunger in our bellies, there
is laughter in our eyes;
You laugh at us and love us, both
mugs and eyes are wet;

—*From a drawing by Tom Lea*
J. Frank Dobie

Only you do not know us. For we have
not spoken yet.

It is nice to be appreciated, as Mr. Dobie appreciates us. It would be even nicer to be appreciated for what we consider our virtues rather than for what we consider our defects, however amiable these defects and however amiably presented.

People Who Act Like Human Beings

STRAW IN THE SUN. By Charlie May Simon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1945. 253 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

WHEN variations on the theme of man's inhumanity to man seem to have exhausted every major and minor key in literature and life, it is restorative to hear, as we do in this book, the pure melodies that have given our country its essential overtones. The author, now the wife of the poet, John Gould Fletcher, writes of the Ozark mountains where she was born and to which many years later, after studying at home and abroad, she returned alone as a homesteader. In the hills of Arkansas she finds intact the pioneering spirit, the unequivocal generosity born of need and loneliness, that makes the average, friendly, unsophisticated American appear so incredibly naive to many a European.

Her tale is of people whose normal greeting is "Come on in and spend the night with us," of neighbors who do not accept money for doing neighborly things but "take it as a favor" when they offer gifts to those that lack. In the same spirit as theirs, the author accepts and cares for two little waifs, a girl and boy, who come to her cabin to stay. Their stories mingle with hers and with those of her neighbors; and the girl's love for a glamorous young man from the city, the boy's incurable habit of "finding" what he wants, are as appealing and authentic as the tale of the woman who took her six youngsters to hear a lecture at the county seat so that they might learn "how high a man from these woods can go if he has a mind to."

There is no dearth of evil among these people. They suffer from drouth, from animals and insects that destroy their crops, from an occasional marauder who may burn or even slay for reasons of his own. But their poverty holds no bitterness, and when one of the outcasts is shot, they move into his cabin to do what they can for him. Birth and death they understand and face without benefit of outside aid, though with the superstitions and wisdom of their folk-ways.

Told simply and unsentimentally, the tale is rich in detail. The author has an artist's eye and ear for the birds and flowers surrounding her home, for the wood thrush singing an anthem of praise, the rabbit's nest of fur and grass, the "blue-eyed Mary" that closes at night and opens with the sun. Those who are tired of reading about mean, crafty, and suspicious men, about the wretched poor in our large cities, the filth and ignorance of our benighted rural communities, will find an anodyne in this record of natural, kindly people whose virtues unaffectedly spring from the soil of a pioneering civilization and still form a part of our American heritage.

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Strictly Personal

I DIDN'T WRITE "THE UNINVITED"

I'M a haunted woman. For two years now another woman's fame has hounded me. By mail, by telephone, by telegram, and now by V-mail.

I'd thought they were forgetting me in America. And now comes a letter from France. I'm the rage in Paris. They're lining up from the Left Bank to the West Wall to read—MY book—"The Uninvited."

But I didn't write "The Uninvited." I didn't. I didn't. I didn't.

"I've just read Dot's book," says a V-letter to a friend. "I'm the most popular guy in the Army since the fellows learned I know the author."

But I didn't write "The Uninvited." I didn't. I didn't. I didn't.

Can't he read? My name's spelled different. I've got two C's in my name. THAT Dorothy Macardle has two A's in her name. I live in Wayne, Pennsylvania. She lives in Ireland. She's a well-known playwright. And I? I'm a ghost. I'm a haunted woman.

But nobody listens to me. Not even the family lawyer.

But you did write this book?, he persists.

No.

"A-ha," he says triumphantly, as if he'd just wrung a confession from a cagey witness.

"We'd better draw up some papers to take care of all this money you're making."

But I didn't write "The Uninvited." I didn't. I didn't. I————

That Dorothy Macardle has one C in her name. . . .

He thinks I'm coy. But I can't blame him because even the family is mixed up. An aunt chides by mail because I didn't send her a copy. Doesn't she know her own name! We're one-A. . . .

The heck with all of them. Blast the lawyer. Blast the friends. Blast the relatives. I won't answer the phone. I'll refuse any more telegrams. I'll . . . I'll . . . Blast "The Uninvited." I'll throw away my copy, even though it's a swell story. A grand ghost story. I love ghost stories. I leaf through my copy. Nice green binding. Nice gold type. Name looks nice in gold.

I read a few pages. It's about a pair of ghosts in Devon, England. It's about a haunted house, Cliff End. Somebody jumps off the cliff. It should have been me. Or maybe my lawyer.

There's a nursery in the story. It's got a real nice ghost in it. She cries a lot. I've got a nursery, too. It's got a baby in it. She doesn't cry much.

There's a studio in the story. There's a real mean ghost in it. I've got a studio, too. Only we call it a study. It's got a typewriter in it. Thank God, it isn't haunted yet. But I'm in our study . . . a ghost . .. a haunted woman.

I like my ghosts to stay in books. I hate being one. I hate being hounded by ghosts. Ghosts ought to stay home, right within their own four walls, right within pages of a book. Respectable ghosts do. But not my ghosts. After two years they're still after me. Right out in the open, too. Right out in the daylight. I can't step out my front door without the spectre of fame slapping me on the back, grabbing me by the hand, and showering me with hero worship.

I'm not even safe in the Super Market. I go there all innocent, with my red and blue points. I just want to buy some food. That's all. And what happens? A woman backs me up against the apple sauce. I'm famous. She wants my autograph. She kind of splutters, the way she would to Clare Booth Luce or Kathleen Winsor. But—I didn't write "The Uninvited"! Yes, I know it's in the movies. No, I'm not going to Hollywood. Of course not. Why should I? Yes, I'm Dorothy McCardle—with a difference—with one A and two C's. I'm somebody else. She's got me mixed with two A's and one C. What? I'm talking gibberish. Of course, I am. I'm a haunted woman.

It all began back in 1942 on the very day "The Uninvited" was published. The late George Gibbs, the Philadelphia novelist hurried out to buy a copy. He wanted me to inscribe it. Me. Me! But I didn't write it. I didn't. I di————

"But you did write a book? Yes. And it's published? Yes. So . . . No, no, NO . . . it's not 'The Uninvited.'"

I sent off a short story to a magazine. It came back.

"We'd like very much to have something by Dorothy McCardle, but. . . ."

Even editors can't spell.

And author's agents can't read.

My New York agent forwarded me a letter. It had been sent on to her by publishers of "The Uninvited." The letter was from a school teacher out West. She wanted to dramatize my fascinating book, "The Uninvited," for the school play. Would I permit . . . I . . . I . . . with two C's and one A in my name. . . .

The nerve of her. Who? The agent, of course. My agent. Her agent. Whose agent is she, anyway?

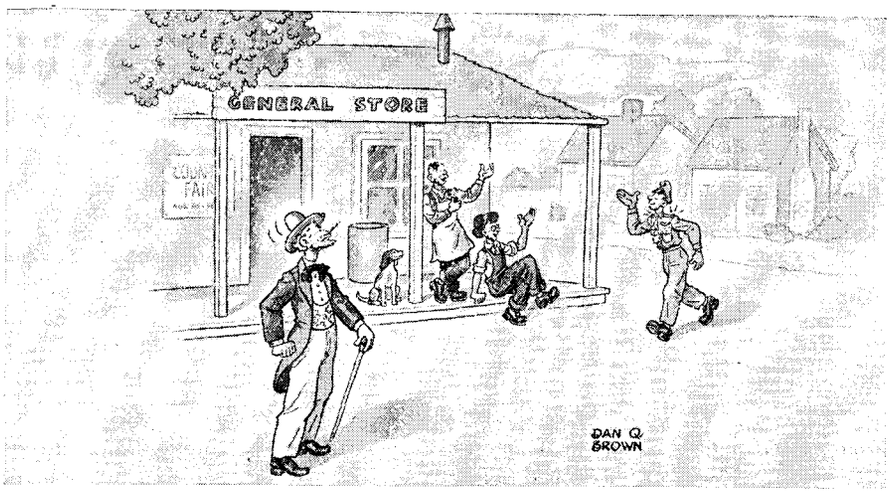
I returned the letter to the agent with a sharp little note. I wrote Dorothy Macardle ten times. I wrote Dorothy McCardle ten times. I underscored the C's and the A's. I felt like a school teacher. I felt like a kid kept after school. I don't know how I felt. I'm going out of my mind.

I'm staying indoors. In my own safe little house. No more Cliff Ends for me. No more ghosts in the second floor back or on the front pavement. No more fame in the Super Market.

I'm changing my name, too. I'm Dorothy Anonymous. You can't see me. I'm a ghost. You can't have my autograph. Ghosts can't write. Or can they? I'm a haunted woman. Stay away from me.

But my book. MY book? Yes, I wrote one. The title? I can't tell you. The author? Me, of course. Who's me? No, no, not Dorothy McCardle nor Dorothy Macardle, either. Somebody else. I wrote the book for somebody else. The title page carries somebody else's name. I ghosted the book. I'm a ghost writer. I'm a haunted woman.

DOROTHY MCCARDLE.



"Mornin', Colonel!"

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WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

ON March 23, 1783, the news arrived in America from Paris that the treaty ending the revolution against England had been signed. Shortly thereafter, Thomas Paine discontinued publishing *The Crisis*. He wrote: "The times that tried men's souls are over." *The Crisis,* apparently, could have no further usefulness.

But Paine, rarely for him, had allowed himself to be carried away by the jubilance of the moment. As William Henry Trescot wrote seventy-five years later, "it was not to be supposed that the treaty of peace secured the national life. Indeed, it would be more correct to say that the most critical period of the country's history embraced the time between 1783 and the adoption of the Constitution in 1788." This point of view was later reinforced by John Fiske in his "Critical Period of American History," which, incidentally, would be timely reading today in San Francisco. Consider this passage:

> That period (1783-1787) was preeminently the turning point in the development of political society in the Western Hemisphere. Though small in their mere dimensions, the events were in a remarkable degree germinal events, fraught with more tremendous alternatives of future welfare or misery for mankind than it is easy for the imagination to grasp. As we now stand upon the threshold of that mighty future, in the light of which all events of the past are clearly designed to seem dwindled in dimensions and significance only in their ratio of their potency as causes . . . we are put into the proper mood for estimating the significance of the causes which determined a century ago that the continent of North America should be dominated by a single powerful and pacific federal union instead of being parcelled out among forty or fifty small communities, wasting their strength and lowering their moral tone by perpetual warfare. . . .

There has been a disposition in some quarters to play down the value of the American experience as a guide to world action today, because of the comparatively small area of the American colonies alongside the globe itself, and because of the homogeneous quality of the American people. As for size, geography has long since ceased being measured in terms of square miles. Today it is measured by the time it takes to get from one place to another. That yardstick should make the entire world today even smaller than the American colonies.

As for the argument that the nations today are too different in their peoples, their histories, their traditions, their languages, their philosophies, and their ambitions to bear valid analogy to the American colonies, the answer is to be found in the cleavages and disruptions and the general Balkanization of the American colonies. Moreover, except for those directly affected by the clashes between the colonies, as Fiske pointed out, most people lived and died without ever having seen any state but their own. "Cities were few and small, and each little district for the most part supported itself. . . . Local prejudices were intense. It was not simply free Massachusetts and slave-holding South Carolina, or English Connecticut and Dutch New York, that misunderstood and ridiculed each other; but even between such neighboring states as Connecticut and Massachusetts, both of them thoroughly English and Puritan, and in all their social conditions almost exactly alike, it used often to be said that there was no love lost. These unspeakably stupid and contemptible local antipathies are inherited by civilized men from that far-off time when the clan system prevailed over the face of the earth and the hand of every clan was raised against its neighbors. They are pale and evanescent survivals from the universal primitive warfare, and the sooner they die out from human society the better for every one."

The crucial lesson offered up by the American experience, of course, is that unified government is created not by *similarities* but by *differences*. The demand for federal government arose in America because of the clashes, the customs, and tariff wars, the interstate rivalries and jealousies. Had the colonies radiated with harmony and friendship, no single government would have been necessary.

But let us grant, for the sake of argument, that the American colonies offer no valid parallel. Let us grant, too, that the differences separating the peoples of the world today make federation infinitely more difficult now than it was in America 165 years ago. The basic question remains: what are we going to do about those differences? Can we control or govern them through loose, informal world organization? (The American colonies, with all their vaunted "similarities" were not able to stick together under the loose organization set up by the Articles of Confederation, and were forced to adopt real union.) The scale of the differences should determine the scale of the organization. The more complex and dangerous they are, the greater the need for central strength to cope with them. As it concerns the biggest problem of all—differences leading to war—the historical fact remains that only government has been able to control war.

No one expects world citizenship to come out of the San Francisco Conference. At this particular point, the important thing is to establish the spirit of international coöperation rather than a finished structure of world organization. But sooner or later we must take longer and firmer steps. Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco can help to put us on our feet. But before long we shall have to make up our mind concerning where we want to go.

N. C.

Note to "Fiddler's Farewell"

By Leonora Speyer

I HELD a fiddle in my hand again,
Under my chin I tucked the tameless wood,
And it was good.

I made no sound, nor did I lay the bow
To the four strings; only the fingers pressed
With their old zest.

Only the violin (that box of birds!)
Sensed the blurred notes, the fingers' urgency,
Fugitive, shy:

Laughed—and flung music wide, as if a door;
I entered the rich room,
And I was home.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Richard Beer-Hofmann

SIR: The other day the National Institute of Arts and Letters announced that the newly created "Award for Distinguished Service," originated for award to some eminent foreign-born writer or composer living in America and carrying a cash prize of $1,000, would be bestowed upon Richard Beer-Hofmann. I am one of the numerous Europeans who heartily congratulate the Institute on its happy choice. There are quite a few refugee writers in this country whose names and works are familiar to millions; nevertheless, I can hardly think of anyone who would be more worthy of the award than the unobtrusive, 79-year-old Austrian poet and dramatist. Beer-Hofmann has been living here since 1939 in relative obscurity because he has never done, and will never do, anything to attract public attention, because he seeks to influence mankind by his exalted poetry and his noble thought alone. Curiously, even in Vienna, where I was privileged to write his biography—it appeared in 1936, on the occasion of his 70th birthday—the number of people who venerated his great reputation and his purity of character was by far larger than the number of the actual readers of his books.

His published works—each a chef-d'oeuvre—are not numerous, and little of his verse and prose has been translated into English. For the benefit of those not familiar with the German language, I wish to draw the attention to his melodious "Memorial Oration on Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart" (in "The Heart of Europe," ed. by Klaus Mann and Hermann Kesten), to Sol Liptzin's English version of the famous "Schlaflied für Mirjam" (*Poet Lore,* winter issue, 1941) and to Ludwig Lewisohn's translation of fragments of the drama "Der Graf von Charolais" (*This Quarter,* Paris, 1931, vol. II, No. 3.)

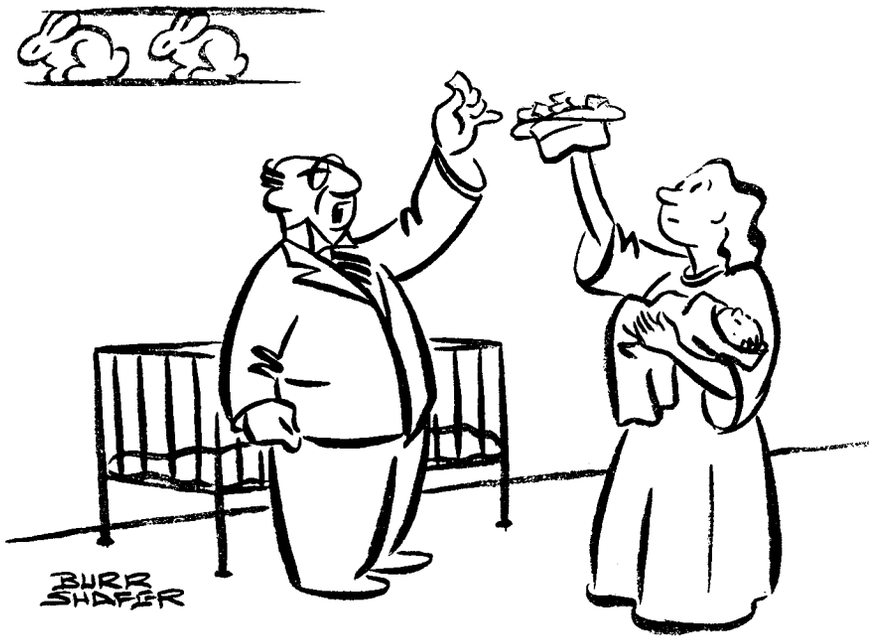
It so happened that the awarding of the prize coincided with an event even more delightful to the old man: the liberation of his native Vienna from the Nazi yoke. There has hardly ever been a more successful blending of the best indigenous Austrian traditions with the spiritual heritage of Israel than in the case of Beer-Hofmann. True, he chose Jacob and his descendant, David, as heroes of a gigantic dramatic tetralogy (of which only half has appeared as yet); but his language and poetic pattern remind you as much of Austria's greatest poets, Grillparzer and Stifter, who died, when Beer-Hofmann was only a child, as of the anonymous writers of Genesis and the Books of the Kings. These are his spiritual ancestors, and it is not quite correct to link him ideologically with his friends, the moribund esthete Hofmannsthal and the skeptical physician Schnitzler, great creators though they were, for he distinguishes himself from them through his virility and optimism, for his own melody of life was not a cadence, but a rise to the heights of faith.

His wife, who stemmed from an old Catholic family, died of a broken heart after the Nazis had forced the two elderly people to leave their home. Only his devotion to work—incessant, self-critical labor—enabled the poet to bear his own catastrophe and the tragedy of mankind. In 1941 he published here his Collected Poems, containing the aforementioned "Lullaby for Mirjam," of which Rainer Maria Rilke once wrote that during a stay in Sweden he had been sent for him from a neighboring estate as if he were a doctor, to recite this poem to strange people who had heard of its extraordinary depth and beauty. Last summer he published a slender volume of prose, "Herbstmorgen in Oesterreich," containing excerpts from an unfinished biography of his late wife which, inevitably, is his autobiography, too. "This story of a great lifelong love," wrote a reviewer in *The New York Times,* ". . . will not have to fear comparison with the most famous classical pieces of its kind. This intensity of passion, this boundless devotion, this sage, unearthly remoteness—all this brought to us in this admirable purity of style—is probably unequaled in contemporary German literature."

To the Jewish people his lofty verse has been a source of consolation in these years of terrible affliction. Some day the Austrians, decontaminated and rejuvenated, will again pay homage to Beer-Hofmann, in whose work breathes all the charm, all the the sweetness of the unforgettable Austrian landscape.

ALFRED WERNER.

New York, N. Y.



"We're going to feel pretty silly calling him 'Seven and one-eighth' all his life."

On a Bent Petard

SIR: Do you share my surprisement at Mr. Bent's argufication about the "obsolescent past participle" (end of first paragraph in letter, *SRL,* April 7) when he evidentiously meant "obsolete"?

ANGELO COHN.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Twain Limerick Winners

SIR: The International Mark Twain Society Contest for the best limerick on Mark Twain has been won by Mrs. W. S. Burgess, Fullerton, Nebraska. Many of your readers participated in the contest, so you may care to publish the winning limerick given below:

Mark Twain was a mop-headed male
Whose narratives sparkle like ale;
And this Prince of the Grin
Who once fathered Huck Finn
Can still hold the world by the tale!

Honorable mention was won by the following: George Fennell, 650 California Street, San Francisco; Mrs. George A. Duerr, 160 East 65th Street, New York City; Charles Hanson Towne, The Players Club, New York City.

More than three thousand limericks were submitted and the judges were Clement Wood, James Thurber, and Frank Sullivan.

CYRIL CLEMENS.

International Mark Twain Society, Webster Grove, Mo.

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TRADE Winds

SOME MONTHS AGO, before he rejoined his regiment in the attack on Nazi Germany, André Malraux dispatched to Random House, his American publisher, a copy of the French edition of his new novel, "The Struggle with the Angel." Unfortunately, it was lost in transit, and everybody despaired of locating a duplicate. The book was one of the celebrated "Editions de Minuit," published surreptitiously by fearless Frenchmen under the noses of the Nazis during four years of occupation. Nobody knew where the editors or the author could be reached.

One day last week, Belle Becker, of the Random House editorial staff, was attending a conference in the French section of O. W. I. In a corner she noticed a pile of battered volumes that were being collected for the leper colony in Cayenne. One title caught her eye. It was Malraux's new novel!

The book will be translated at once and published here early in 1946. It is largely autobiographical, Malraux's first work since "Man's Hope," and was written in the long months while he was hiding and fighting with the Free French guerrilla forces.

The publications of "The Midnight Press" will inevitably become rare collectors' items. Their colophon reads, "This volume, published at the expense of a few patriotic lovers of literature, has been printed in Paris under the oppression." A group of them are on public exhibition today at the Maison Française, Columbia University. . . .

HAROLD ("ANYTHING, including Cyanide, for a Pal") Ross and his merry men at *The New Yorker* fancy their Funny Coincidence Department, which catches up writers who are dastardly enough to report a quip that was printed by somebody else anywhere up to five years before. This will happen more and more frequently, for, if a trend continues, there will soon be more new columnists than new stories, and, if *The New Yorker* wanted to, it could fill its entire magazine with horrible examples. Mr. Ross never deviates, however, from one space-saving rule; he does not print Funny Coincidences in which *The New Yorker* is the goat.

Perhaps fortunately for Mr. Ross, his dear friends (and their wives) keep close track of his magazine (because they love it, and because they want to be sure of what he's up to), and they will be happy to point out occasional Funny Coincidences in reverse that may have escaped his kindly eye. For instance:

> Once in the dressing room of Katharine Cornell those old stagers, Mrs. Leslie Carter and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, chanced to meet. They were introduced as "surely being acquainted with one another."
>
> "Honored. Honored," said Mrs. Campbell grandly, shaking Mrs. Carter's hand. Then turning to a bystander she confided in a loud stage-whisper, "I thought she was dead."
>
> —"Thesaurus of Anecdotes," published by Crown in 1942.

> He (Leonard Lyons) has introduced Saroyan to Michael Arlen, the other Armenian; to Sinclair Lewis . . . , to Moss Hart . . . , and to Ferenc Molnar. When Saroyan was presented to Molnar, he exclaimed to Lyons, "My God, I thought he was dead!"
>
> —Russell Maloney in *The New Yorker*, April 7, 1945 . . .

THE TRUE IDENTITY of the "John Sedges" who wrote "The Townsman," to be published by John Day and distributed by the Literary Guild in June, is a source of considerable speculation on Publishers' Row. One columnist has declared Sedges to be the publisher himself, Richard Walsh. Another says it is his distinguished wife, Pearl Buck. The John Day Company says nothing. . . . The Crime Club has just published "Whatever Goes Up," by the Hollywood producer, Bertram Millhauser. It is dedicated "To the memory of Lt. Isaac Millhauser, Police Department, New York City, 1888-1934—who wouldn't have believed a word of it." . . . The exotic Caresse Crosby is reviving her Black Sun Press, to publish a new magazine called *Portfolio*. Present headquarters are in Washington, but they may be moved to Paris at a later date. Harry Thornton Moore, one of the editors, writes, "Our magazine will really be a portfolio, with unbound, removable pages, so that readers can take out their favorite art work and poems, and hang them up or bring them to bed." . . . One of the first erstwhile great German newspapers to be revived by the American Army is the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, with Hans Habe, author of "A Thousand Shall Fall," as editor. It is called the *Frankfurter Presse* and is for the time being a four-page weekly. The first issue, dated April 21, carried stories about the disintegration of Nazi arms, the death of President Roosevelt, Allied regulations for the administration of Germany, and Thomas Mann's famous letter to Bonn University authorities when he was deprived of citizenship and his name stricken from the faculty rolls in 1936. Army psychologists are divided on how a populace fed on unadulterated swill for over a decade will react to clean, honest journalism. . . . A former owner-editor of the *Zeitung* is Kurt Simon, now publisher of *Story* Magazine in New York. . . .

BOOK JACKET, 1945

(By Frances F. Lanahan)

Of the many grim records of war to find their way back from the far-flung battlefronts, none mirrors more heartwarmingly the human aspects of the present titanic struggle than Robert Bunson's latest eye-witness report, "They Sank Their Sister Ship." Mr. Bunson, who ranks with our foremost world travellers and correspondents, has just taken the ferry back from Staten Island, where he spent a full half-hour on one of our mightiest queens of the ocean, and he has told without flinching the soul-stirring story of the men who fight for mastery of New York harbor. Writing under water, using an old Campbell's soup tin for

"Watch those ashes!"

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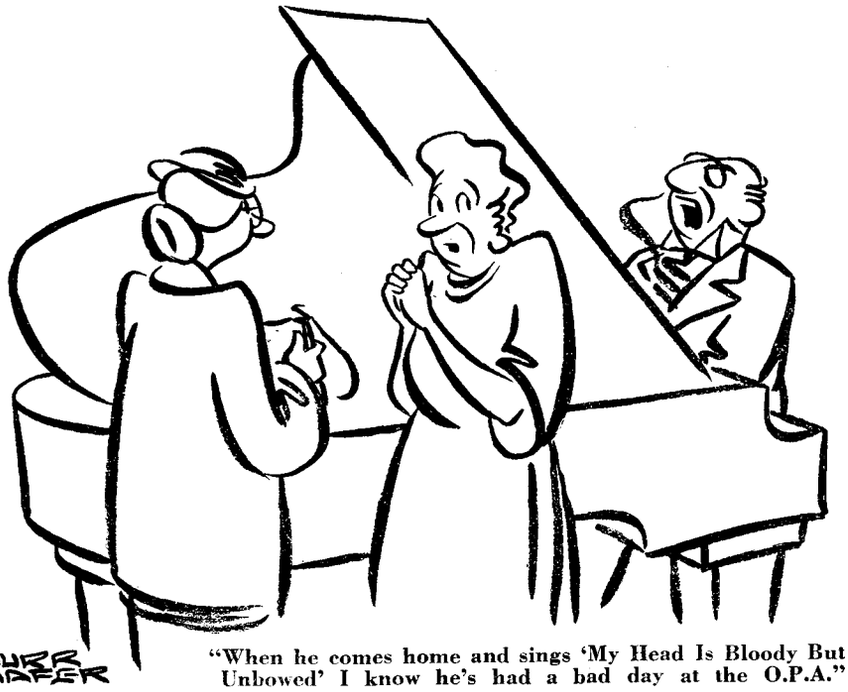


"When he comes home and sings 'My Head Is Bloody But Unbowed' I know he's had a bad day at the O.P.A."

a typewriter, Mr. Bunson displays the same warm understanding which characterized his classic "I Saw Churchill on a Street Car," published in the fateful year 1940.

For the hero of his narrative, the author has chosen Lieutenant Tom "Bullfinch" Andrews of Metooska, Indiana, in whose indomitable courage and unshakable faith in the future their lies a message as vital and alive for us today as it was last night when Mr. Bunson first began to weave his tale from the very stuff of war. Plunged after Pearl Harbor from the quiet simplicity of the Melooska drug store into the chaos of a world in flames, Lieut. Andrews reacts in a manner typical of all our boys at home and abroad. When he left, his mother gave him a toilet kit, his sister gave him a sewing kit, the girl with her pigtails still in her top drawer gave him a combination shoe-polishing and fishing kit, and his father gave him a small combustible garbage kit in which to place them all. In homely terms such as these, Mr. Bunson gives us a glimpse of what war can mean and does mean to our loved ones overseas.

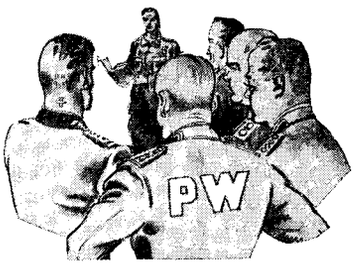
In a very real sense, the author has sketched for us other finely drawn portraits of our fighting men at their gigantic task—of the men, in short, with whom he ate breakfast during his dramatic half-hour aboard. They are men you will recognize: "Red" Wilson of 1220 Main St., Allentown, Arkansas, and his heartrending respect for the baby he has yet to see; "Zip" Allenski of 605½ Court Street, Abbeyville, Montana, with his crinkly smile and his thought-provoking understatement of his own superb achievements; and, above all, "Cap'n" Talbot, hard-hitting, tough-minded Pillar of the Fleet, whose steel blue eyes hardened when he said: "I'm sorry we have no fresh milk to offer you, Mr. Bunson." In the pages of this vastly cosmic panorama you will meet many others: men from Brooklyn, Alabama, Texas, Rhode Island, Wisconsin; men with hard, muscular frames and men with hard-set jaws; men who read comic books and understand them and men who fail to understand them; men whose warm admiration for Mr. Bunson himself warms the cockles of the author's heart.

In his terse, gripping style, as clipped as the rat-tat-tat of a drill in the dentist's chair, Mr. Bunson has made all of these come vividly alive. But to the hair-raising climax of his story, when Lieutenant Andrews and his friends, in the face of tremendous obstacles, sink their sister ship with resourcefulness and daring under the very nose of the Statue of Liberty, Mr. Bunson adds a grim note of warning: Only by disarming Japan, he believes, and by amending the laws concerning the sale of California wines to Nicaragua, will we return again to the kind of world Mr. Bunson has often told Madame Chiang-Kai-Shek and ladies' literary societies we should have. . . .

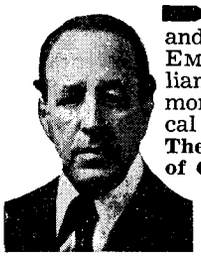
SHERIDAN HOUSE announces an anthology on "The One Subject More People Are Interested in Than Anything Else"—"The Bedside Treasury of Love." Maybe the editors sternly resisted a temptation to name the book, "Everyman's Basic Bedside Companion Pocket Book Treasury of Love." Or maybe they just ran out of other publishers' catalogues. . . . Lillian Friedman, St. Louis's Dorothy Parker, thinks I should proposition Kay Winsor to rename her all-conquering novel "Stop and Try Me." . . . A dreamy eyed individual, obviously a poet, drifted off the elevator into our editorial department the other day and asked if he could use a typewriter for a few minutes. He sat down at the machine indicated, inserted a sheet of blank paper, and explained, "I have to add six very important asterisks to my manuscript." He did so, thanked everybody politely, took his script and asterisks, and left.

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"



Hand in glove with the horrifying exposé of the treatment of American prisoners in German camps, and our contrasting treatment of Axis prisoners, comes **The Prisoner,** by ERNST LOTHAR. Here is direct and incredible testimony woven into a novel that aside from its present pertinence is a lucid study of adolescence under the Nazi system. Here is a book to make you sit up and take notice, because it reveals the operation of the Nazi tentacles in our own prisoner camps in our own land. The papers are full of it; the radio broke into my shaving (a ritual that I seek to perform without bloodshed) with news about Axis prisoner complaints here. To escape from the truth in **The Prisoner** would be as disastrous as permitting the German PW's to escape our camps.



Equally essential and directly related is EMIL LUDWIG'S brilliant analysis of the moral and psychological issues involved in **The Moral Conquest of Germany.**

To comprehend the vast, national, anti-democratic neurosis of the Nazis is to comprehend a pyramidal society in which each class lives in terror of the classes above and below; in which there is a violent need for militaristic authority as compensation for fear. LUDWIG compares the average Nazi with the average American in everyday terms. He says, for example, that the average American takes a visitor out into the kitchen and scrambles eggs for him whereas the average Nazi is scared to do it for fear the visitor may think he belongs in the kitchen. LUDWIG has made this book a manual for the treatment of Germany and the Germans in terms of lasting peace. When an internationally-known biographer who is also German-born serves a warning which he feels is paramount in the undertaking of international cooperation, such a warning cannot be ignored.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

THE SECOND CHANCE

THE longest life is so short, and we are here as such hurried transients, that none of us can fail to understand Cicero's meaning. When death came for him, said he, he would feel not as if he were being driven from his home, but as if he had been asked to leave his inn. Our knowledge that we are overnight guests causes us to wish we could extend our stay. At least return, however briefly, to this same inn. And be able to do there those things which, during this visit, we were unable to get done. Or did only to our dissatisfaction.

Among men's dreams none is more beckoning than the second chance; the second chance right here; no matter how curtailed our tarrying. Just to say those words which ought to have been said. Just to take back those words we wish we had not said. Just for a last look or touch. Just to lessen the horror of death's finality.

The theatre has often dealt with this hope for a second chance. It stated it poignantly in "Our Town," where the young girl after her death, though denied the reëstablishment of earthly contact, was allowed to look in on her family at a past birthday of her own choosing. It stated it charmingly in "Dear Brutus," where Barrie proved himself a realist. In spite of the fanciful trappings of an enchanted wood, he warned us that, even if granted a second chance, we would muff it by re-doing what we had done before. Barrie spared the stars and blamed us squarely for being what we are.

But no dramatic statement of our dream of the second chance seems to me to have been more moving than was that final scene in "Liliom" in which a Budapest barker returned to earth to strike his daughter even as, when living, he had struck her mother. In fact, few plays to have come out of the modern theatre have equalled Molnar's fantasy in imagination or pathos, in charm or universality, in tenderness or timelessness. Written and originally produced in Budapest in 1909, it remains undated in a medium where time is at its cruelest.

Although "Liliom" has been revived hereabouts since the Theatre Guild first staged it in this country in 1920, that first production remains for all, lucky enough to see it, the one and only "Liliom" America has seen. The pale-faced intensity of Eva Le Gallienne's Julie. Joseph Schildkraut's ebullient Liliom. Hortense Alden's chirrupy Marie. Helen Westley's strident Mrs. Muskat. The superb griminess of Dudley Digges's Sparrow. The magic of Lee Simonson's setting for the railway trestle. All of these remain memories, as active as they are cherished, among those who saw the original "Liliom."

I say "the original" because, though not yet dead and hence not in need of it, "Liliom" has itself been given a second chance in a new form. Under the name of "Carousel,"* with its scene now laid in New England rather than in Hungary, and with music and lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, it has reëmerged in a production as easy to enjoy as it is hard to define. The result is not a musical comedy, a light opera, or an operetta. Most simply stated, it is perhaps a play with music; a play which turns from dialogue to song, and from straight acting into dance, almost without one's being aware of it.

Some theatregoers have wondered why plays, successful as such, must reappear equipped with music. They are tired of having the anthologies robbed to keep the fiddlers busy. They point to the failure of "Rain" when, earlier this season, it endeavored to sing its way into favor. They will admit "Porgy and Bess," because of Mr. Gershwin, acquired a dimension that "Porgy" could not claim. They will grant "Green Grow the Lilacs" bloomed the more richly when it flowered as "Oklahoma!" Yet they find the practice monotonous. They do not want their theatre memories disturbed. The second chance, which they wish for themselves, these die-hards are unwilling to share with plays.

When Sidney Howard wrote "They Knew What They Wanted," he admitted in his preface that his story was "shamelessly, consciously, and even proudly derived from the legend of Tristram and Yseult." "I don't myself think," continued Mr. Howard, "that the age and service stripes of a story have anything much to do

*CAROUSEL, a new musical play based on Ferenc Molnar's "Liliom." Music by Richard Rodgers. Book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Dances by Agnes de Mille. Settings by Jo Mielziner. Produced by The Theatre Guild at the Majestic Theatre. With Jean Darling, Jan Clayton, Jean Casto, John Raitt, Christine Johnson, Russell Collins, etc.

Hammerstein and Rodgers

with its eligibility for present purposes, and I advise all other young writers who need plots and can't make up good ones of their own to pick a good one out of the classics. No story is older than its applicability to life. No story is younger than the motives of its characters, and human motives have a singularly enduring and permanent quality."

While sitting before "Carousel," I could not help thinking of Sidney Howard's words. And applauding their wisdom. "Liliom" may be only a modern classic. The Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein, though not exactly young writers, could, no doubt, have invented any number of good plots of their own. If this time they did not bother to do so, they had their valid reasons. In their hands Molnar's materials prove more than eligible for the purposes to which they are at present put.

"Carousel" *is* a production "shamelessly, consciously, and even proudly derived" from "Liliom." The action follows the familiar outline. The tone and purpose of many scenes have not been changed. Occasional lines are word for word those of the original. The final emotional impact of the fantasy is as devastating as it was twenty-five years ago. Yet (and here is the point and justification of the evening) "Carousel" is as different from "Liliom" as it has the right and need to be. It is as different as only a new locale, a new form, and the fashioners of "Oklahoma!" can make it.

The differences in idiom, scene, and form do not end with Liliom's now being known as Billy Bigelow, with Mrs. Muskat's having dwindled into Mrs. Mullin, or Sparrow's having shrunk to Jigger. In spirit no less than background "Liliom" has deserted Hungary and taken out its naturalization papers in America. It has become,

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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harry Stockwell • Joseph Buloff • Evelyn Wyckoff • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Tallulah
BANKHEAD
in PHILIP BARRY'S
FOOLISH NOTION
HENRY HULL • DONALD COOK
Directed by JOHN C. WILSON
Martin Beck Thea. W. 45. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • BETTY FIELD • AUDREY CHRISTIE
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • BETTY LAWFORD
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

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Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea. E. of B'y. EVGS. 8:40. MATS. WED. & SAT.

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

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ON THE TOWN
ADELPHI, 54 St. E. of B'y. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

in its own new rights, as much a citizen of the musical stage as it once was of the legitimate.

Once again, Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hammerstein have managed to bring the open countryside indoors. They fill a New York theatre with fresh air. The same dewy sense of the outdoors, which was so entrancing a feature of "Oklahoma!," glistens in "Carousel." Mr. Hammerstein's lyrics are not the city-bred ones of Broadway convention. In almost all of them "June Is Bustin' Out All Over." They tumble from the heart and the soil, creating the conviction that the trees, the waterfronts, and the sky in Mr. Mielziner's excellent settings must be real. Certainly no one has ever done more damage to the gastric juices than Mr. Hammerstein does in his butter-dripping description of a clambake.

Mr. Rodgers's music is equally fresh, and no less indigenous and charming. Especially in "When the Children Are Asleep," and "June Is Bustin' Out All Over," and "You'll Never Walk Alone," it has the radiance of the best of the "Oklahoma!" melodies.

If Agnes de Mille's ballets are reminiscent of her previous work, I find this a cause for rejoicing rather than complaint. In terms of the dance, Miss de Mille, too, has discovered an American idiom. As a choreographer she has inevitably developed mannerisms. But to these, it seems to me, she is as entitled as an author is to his style.

Although "Carousel" gets off to a very slow start in the park bench scene, it soon hits its stride. Mr. Mamoulian's direction is fluid and helpful. Jan Clayton is a deeply touching Julie, and John Raitt, a fine young singer, is an appropriately lusty Billy Bigelow.

At the evening's end, this American Liliom on his brief return from heaven is more fortunate than was his Hungarian predecessor. Billy Bigelow takes full advantage of his second chance. In its production of "Carousel" The Guild outdoes his example. It no more muffs its second chance with "Liliom" than it did its first. The evening is as beguiling as it is moving. The carousel upon which it takes us for a ride may not, as it goes round, be entirely moving but to everyone it offers a brass ring.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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A Bell for Adano
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Directed by H. C. POTTER
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Search for Emotional Security

THE GHOSTLY LOVER. By Elizabeth Hardwick. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 278 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

WHEN Marian Coleman left home for a year in the post-graduate school of a New York University, she lived in a residence club for women.

> There was something double-edged about the place, as there always is in houses for women. One felt that they lived and worked reluctantly in this atmosphere, and at the same time invested it with piety and reverence. In that way it had the paradoxical quality of some mildly dreaded, but sanctioned, religious ritual. Behind each of the women there was a phantom: a man or a family who was, or had been, or might be waiting.

The search for emotional security, the quest for an ideal something or someone beloved, is the theme of Miss Hardwick's novel. Her heroine is a young, sensitive, unhappy girl who moves in the shadowy half-light of an environment where nothing is definite and integrated. She grew up in a household where each member carried on an aloof, secretive existence, where nothing was ever brought out into the open, where life went on in a sort of undersea passivity, moving with the current but never questioning, never breaking the unbearable inner silence that clung to the family "like some half-erotic symbol of power." For all their private personal secretiveness, some abnormal compulsion bound them to each other.

Marian wanted the established relationship of a home and parents, but she and her brother Albert hardly knew their mother and father, who left them with their grandmother, a half-mad, silent, withdrawn old lady, and were only heard from when they occasionally wrote to the children from the Middle West, or Florida, or Arizona where the father was always just about to establish a successful business. They came back for brief visits, but they never stayed; they were driven by a curious escapism which let them ignore their responsibilities, and even after many years of married life their relationship to each other was strangely insecure and tentative, full of frustration.

Marian's attempts to integrate her own personality, her struggle with the forces in her own make-up which smother her efforts to decide things for herself or even to recognize her own motives, the ultimate note of affirmation where she does turn her back on the false security of an emotional attachment where she would be again submerged, make a gripping and powerful drama. Miss Hardwick writes with great skill and psychological insight into the sense of futility, the will to defeat, the bewilderment of a young girl who is fighting against the elements of unbalance in her own personality.

"The Ghostly Lover" is a somber, moving book whose atmosphere of neuroticism is sometimes almost overpowering. One wishes that Miss Hardwick had allowed one normal, well-balanced character to enter Marian's life. The mad grandmother, the neurotic weak brother, the escapist parents, Bruce, an older man who for a while represents the phantom ideal to Marian, even the women whom Marian meets at the residence club, are like figures in a Greek tragedy. Marian's relationship to Bruce is unsatisfyingly obscure, and the scene in which he takes the young girl to the home of a diseased and dreadful Negro prostitute seems to me both revolting and unnecessary.

Miss Hardwick is a new writer of great talent and promise, and this, her first published novel, is a brilliant, if over-intense, piece of writing.

Love Among World Ruins

By Sara Bard Field

WE have let Love lift up our walls
Of stone—all four.
Our curtains are closed. Night falls
Outside our door.

Now black-winged horses plunge about
At will, to stamp
The lights of earth and heaven out;
But not our lamp!

All four winds battle. Storms increase
The evil gloom.
Only these walls hold any peace—
Only this room.

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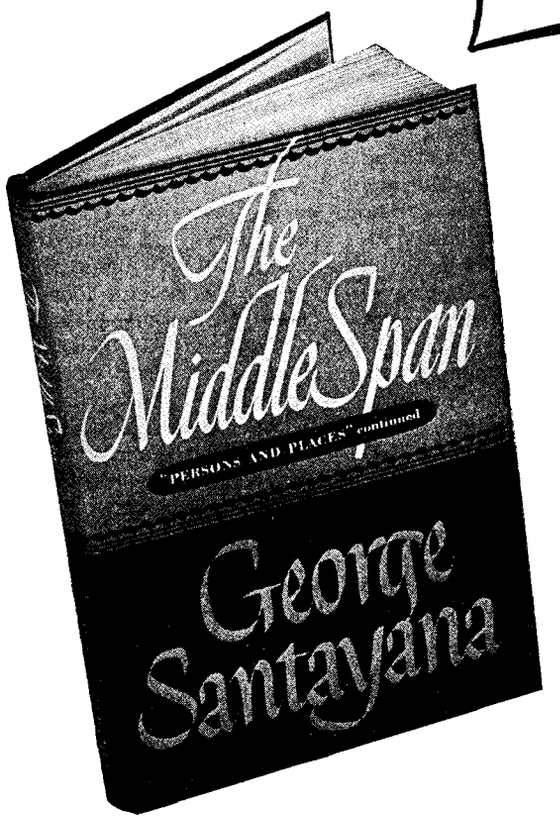

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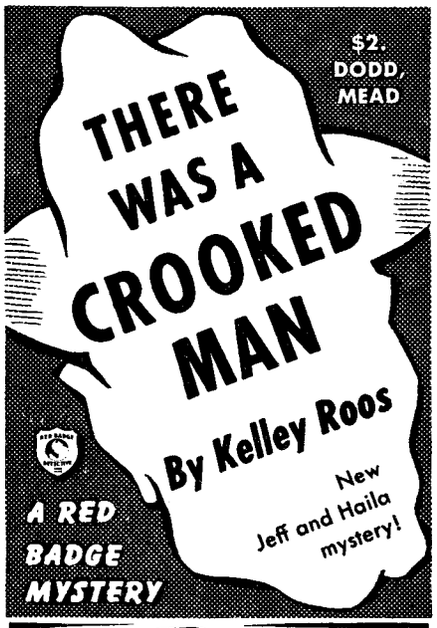

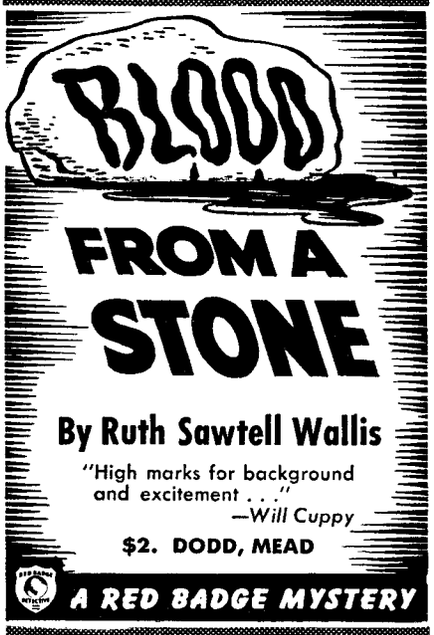
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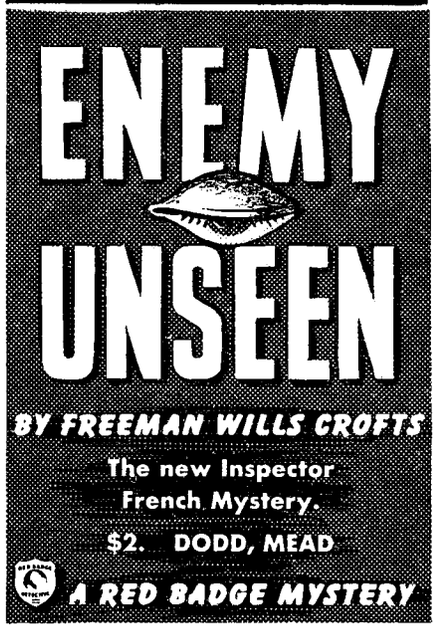

Autopsy in April

Crimes of 1945: First Quarter

BY JUDGE LYNCH

THE year began with a dull thud. Until January 22 nothing happened in the field of fictional crime. And then came Sidney Horler's "Dark Danger." Nothing, even then, had happened. Murder between bindings had been dealt a momentarily stunning blow. Evidence pointed to an invisible weapon. No paper. There were twenty-one mystery stories published in January 1944—among them, on the one hand, "Mr. Bowling Buys a Paper," and off the other, "The Baby in the Ash Can." January 1945 produced three.

So the mystery-year began in February. Then the season took a deep breath, and, gagging slightly on Harry Stephen Keeler's "The Case of the Ivory Arrow," started the parade to the mortuary with "Appleby's End" by Michael Innes which devotees of that Antipodean master may put on the shelf behind "Lament for a Maker"—in a plain wrapper, as the mail-order sex-book folks used to say. It offered good writing, some English place-names and characters that were Peacock and "Cold Comfort Farm" blended with an axe, elephantine foolery, and no crime to speak of. "Remembered Death," by A. Christie, which bloomed the same day as the Innes, was a rememberable if not memorable item. Hilda Lawrence's "A Time to Die," on all counts except the wobbly end, was the bright start of the month. Shining with it was Baynard Kendrick's "Death Knell," Mr. K's fifth story about Duncan Maclain, the blind detective. You could kill us six times the way lovely Troy Singleton was erased in "Death Knell," and we still wouldn't believe in the method—but it was nevertheless a good yarn. "Sigh of the Ram," by Margaret Ferguson, was a compelling study in malevolent despotism, distaff-side, that just missed murder by a couple of gasps, and George Harmon Coxe's "The Jade Venus" gave a touch of tangy toughness ("this is a transcription") to the February output. Nineteen titles in all.

In March the block-busters began to arrive—"Died in the Wool," by Ngaio Marsh, "The Philadelphia Murder Story," by Leslie Ford, Frances Crane's "The Indigo Necklace," "The Outsiders," by A. E. Martin, and John Rhode's "Too Many Suspects." Note well the last two. The Martin yarn—about carnival and side-show freaks in Australia with a tight-mouthed, resourceful little "spruiker" or ballyhoo-man doing the sleuthing—is remarkably good stuff, although some purists may place the solution outside the canon. And John Rhode, after a succession of impeccably dull Dr. Priestly yarns, cuts loose with a story about murder via a "vegetable duck" that starred the same old characters going about their work in the same methodical fashion but that somehow or other had the indescribable spark that made it the most enjoyable bit of pure deduction and tenuous clue-chasing in a long time.

Then came April—and the best bet of the year so far. We hear it's as hard to come by as your favorite brand of gaspers but it's worth standing in line or waiting for—this little gem of terror and homicide, "The Iron Gates," by Margaret Millar. The author, forsaking the slightly kittenish mood of "Fire Will Freeze," published about a year ago, has made abnormal psychology the basis of a tale that is completely absorbing. One reader deliberately rationed himself to a chapter a day so he could save the shivers to the ultimate thrill. As a "psychological" murder story—and a good detective yarn as well—it ranks with Francis Iles's "Before the Fact." Mention of Mr. Iles reminds us that this master craftsman is reported to be living quietly in the suburbs of London, that at the moment he has no new book "on the fire," and that as an active practitioner of philately he finds it difficult to get "covers" and such from the U. S. A.

Besides "The Iron Gates" April produced one of H. W. Roden's genial "toughies"—"One Angel Less"; a satisfactorily grisly and frequently mirthful adventure of lawyer Malone and the Justus duo in "The Lucky Stiff," by Craig Rice; an up-to-scratch Mr. and Mrs. North story—"Payoff for the Banker"—and a craftily plotted tale of murder up Morningside Heights way, "There Was a Crooked Man," by Kelley Roos.

Erratum

Through a printer's error the review by Dr. Bertram D. Lewin of John Rawler Rees's "The Shaping of Psychiatry by War," appeared in last week's issue of *The Saturday Review* with a last paragraph drawn from the review of another book.

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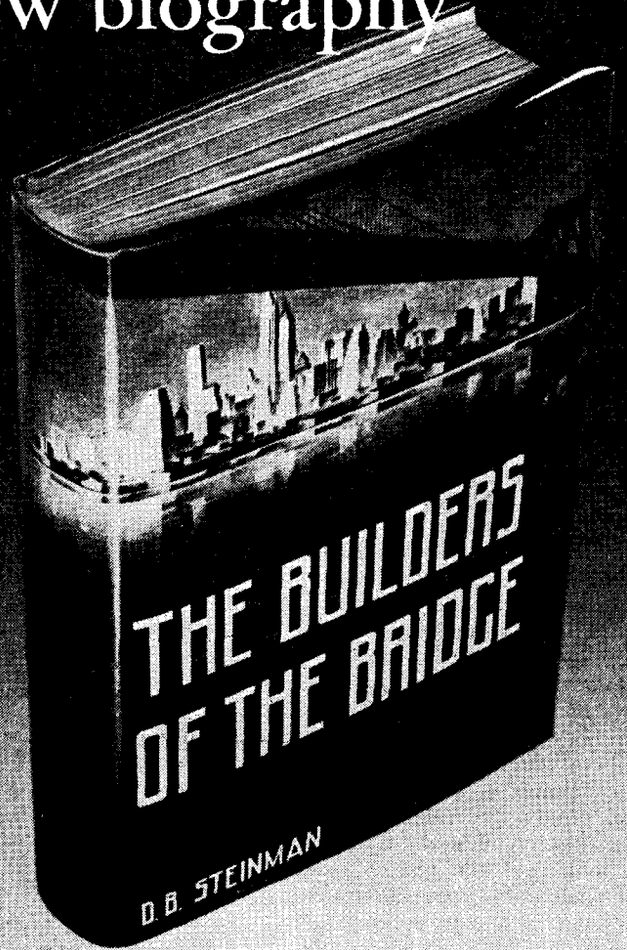

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WRITERS AND THINKERS IN WAR AND PEACE

By Harry Slochower

THE conflict of ideas, ideologies and moral values which lies behind World War II, has shaped, and been shaped by, the writers and thinkers of the chaotic last quarter century. This brilliant book defines and illuminates the problems and promise of these creative men — the rebels, the bohemians, the individualists and the collectivists, — culminating in the attempt of Malraux and Mann to fuse the Marxian and Freudian interpretations of man and society.

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● Clifton Fadiman called Slochower's earlier *Three Ways of Modern Man:* "The best book of literary criticism" for the year in which it appeared. Herschel Brickell, who has seen advance chapters from this new book, hails it as "one of the finest books of literary criticism I have read in a long time." $3.75 *at your bookstore*

CREATIVE AGE PRESS, N. Y. 17

The Social Credit Approach to the Future

ALADDIN'S LAMP. By Gorham Munson. New York: Creative Age Press. 1945. 404 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by JOHN F. WHARTON

THIS book will fascinate everyone who has the desire and capacity to consider post-war problems with an open mind. It will infuriate those who have definitely decided that changes from the pre-war system should and will be very slight. It will terrify those who consider Lord Keynes and Dr. Alvin Hansen to be radical economists. For Mr. Munson launches a frontal attack on basic positions which all orthodox economists, conservatives, or liberals, usually by-pass or accept as inviolable.

In a modern democratic state, the true function of production, Mr. Munson asserts, is not to provide employment or to make profits for the producers (although he sees no objection to these results), but simply and solely to provide the nation with the needed and wanted goods and services. In normal times this function cannot be carried out, for there is never sufficient purchasing power to buy the output of consumption goods. Only during a war, or, perhaps, during a brief post-war boom when people are cashing in their savings, can effective demand equal supply. The belief held by most economists, including the Keynes-Hansen school, that the act of production automatically creates the necessary purchasing power, is demonstrably false.

The government could remedy this situation by a proper money policy. But governments have turned over their money policies to private bankers whose conception of money is outmoded; they cannot give a convincing answer to such basic questions as where money comes from and where it goes. Moreover, their primary interest is to make a profit from dealing in money, whereas it should be the long-term good of society.

As a solution, he offers the Social Credit program developed from the principles first enunciated by Major Clifford H. Douglas.

The Social Credit movement has not received much attention in America, despite the number of converts here. It originated in England around 1920, and by 1940 had spread to the Dominions, France, Holland, and Norway. In 1935 the Social Credit party carried the elections in Alberta, Canada, but they have not been permitted, according to Mr. Munson, to put their program into operation. It seems entirely possible that the movement may emerge as the first true democratic international political party.

However, quite apart from the political future of Social Credit, "Aladdin's Lamp" should command widespread attention. Far too little thought has been put on the possibilities of keeping production going at full blast through stimulation of mass purchasing power. With many of the book's propositions, I disagree; I regret, for example, that the author has painted his picture of the struggle between The People and The Bankers in such unadulterated blacks and whites. Nor can I believe that his proposed solution is as simple as he would have the reader believe. But the book represents a type of thinking which is desperately needed if we are to achieve a world of peace and plenty when the war comes to an end.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Goldsmith: "She Stoops to Conquer." 2. Shaw: "Mrs. Warren's Profession." 3. Galsworthy: "Loyalties." 4. Marlowe: "Doctor Faustus." 5. Wilde: "Lady Windermere's Fan." 6. Sheridan: "The Rivals." 7. Synge: "Riders to the Sea." 8. John Gay: "The Beggar's Opera." 9. Barrie: "What Every Woman Knows." 10. Shakespeare: "Othello."

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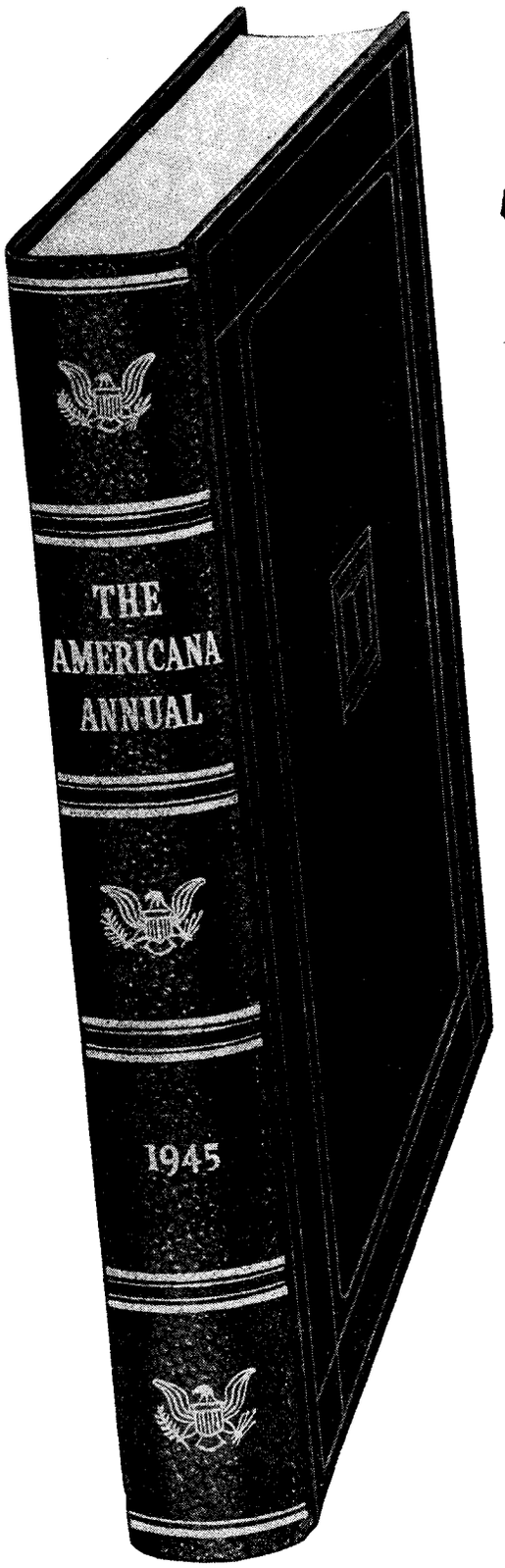

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by Lewis Corey

THE PROFESSIONALS
by E. C. Lindeman

SMALL BUSINESS
by Jules Abels

THE MANAGERS
by Charles E. Noyes

CONSUMERS GIRD FOR BATTLE
by Donald Montgomery

THE WOMAN PROBLEM
by Elizabeth Hawes

GERMAN FASCISM'S MIDDLE CLASS
by Frieda Wunderlich

and

LANDLORD COOPER AND THE ANTI-RENTERS
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Gangster Novel

THE UPSTART. By Edison Marshall. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1945. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THIS is a fine picaresque novel of the slums and theatres of England in the earlier years of the eighteenth century. The story is told by Dick Fingers, an arbitrary name since his origins were completely obscure, who earned his living by picking pockets, slitting purses, and acting as a procurer—and so successfully that he had risen to the leadership of one of London's boy gangs before he was sixteen. The English are critical about our gangs—they should read more history.

The penalty for "mugging" in those days was somewhat more serious than at present—a jail term of years for stealing less than a shilling and hanging for anything over that, so, as English jails were operated at the time, the boys always tried to steal as much as possible because they preferred "a few kicks" to prolonged torment and probable death from jail fever at the end.

Dick's foster-father died and in return for a prolonged nursing on gin left the boy his fiddle, an old one but almost as good as new. Dick, in his way, was so honest that he would not scratch off the date and maker's name—some fellow named Stradivarius—and was amazed when, without much bargaining, a pawnbroker gave him eleven guineas for it. This capital enabled him to follow his foster-father's advice and buy a share in a troupe of travelling actors. In spite of Shakespeare, Garrick, and Mrs. Siddons an actor in England under the imbecile Hanovers was barely a step above a pickpocket and a hairsbreadth within the law, so Dick as an actor had a life much to his custom and liking, especially after he met Penny, the ingenue of the troupe. The story of his wooing is done with great tenderness but no sentimentality.

Eventually a nobleman coveted Penny and managed to hurt her beauty when he was refused. The remainder of the story, candidly romantic but absorbing, is how Dick reverted to his gangster stratagems to manage the nobleman's quite unpleasant death without laying himself open to reprisals from the law.

This condensation makes the book sound somewhat like Mrs. Southworth or The Duchess but it is really closer to Dickens and Fanny Burney, or some of Thackeray's stories. It is historically veritable, without intruding learned data, and warm and moving in almost every page.

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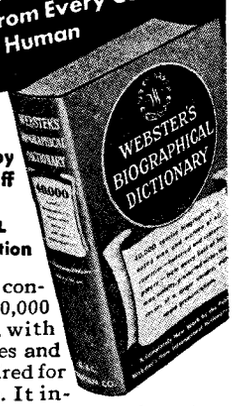

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This problem is

RIGHT ON OUR DOORSTEP

You'll soon have eighty million Germans on your doorstep.

What's to be done with them?

When the Big Three met at Yalta they did what they could to blueprint the reformatory in which the German people will live after the war.

But a blueprint will house no Germans. *The reformatory itself is yet to be built; and meanwhile thinking on what constitutes the "right" peace for Germany will swing back and forth across a wide arc.*

Some will wonder if a "tough" peace isn't just what the Nazis want—to drive the German people back into their arms again.

Others will ask if a peace as hard as Germany richly deserves can ever be enforced—will suggest that a milder, enforceable peace may be a wiser choice.

Still others will say "Germany is rubble. She is being devastated as no nation has ever been devastated; she knows now what it means to lose a modern war. Let us not be vindictive."

In any case, it will take more than just our leaders to write the peace and the punishment. It will take millions of men—and you are one of them. You have a great stake in this peace-to-come—and you will have a greater voice in its making than the citizens of any other nation.

Now, during the San Francisco Conference, you have the *duty* as well as the right to make your opinion known—provided you have earned that right, kept yourself informed, nourished your thinking on the raw material of the news—so your opinion will make the greatest, long-term, enlightened sense.

Of course nobody has the complete answers yet—not even the experts. But perhaps these *are the big questions you ought to be chewing on so you can be better prepared to "sit in" when the first decisions are submitted to you.*

The Big Three said at Yalta:

▶We are determined to bring all war criminals to just and swift punishment.

But who *are* the war criminals? Those who can be convicted of actual crimes? Or the whole Nazi leadership, SS and Gestapo, those legions especially trained for torture and brutality? And under what international laws (if any) can they be tried?

▶We are determined to break up for all time the German General Staff.

But Napoleon thought he had uprooted these professional war-makers forever; Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George thought so—but the Junkers outsmarted them all. You can't get older men like these—who have practiced war all their lives—to begin to think like peaceful lawyers, doctors, tradesmen—overnight. What *can* be done?

▶We will eliminate or control all German industry that can be used for military production.

After the first world war we forbade Germany to manufacture arms—set up the best control system we could think of to enforce the ban. For years the midget German army drilled with wooden tanks, dummy guns. But off came the mask in 1935—and we found Germany had been making arms right under our noses all along . . . How did we fail in 1918? How can we succeed today?

▶In reparation for the damage caused by Germany, Germany will be obliged to make compensation in kind, to the greatest possible extent.

But how? Do we agree with the Russians that the best way is to force masses of the German people into labor battalions to rebuild the cities they destroyed? Or can greater reparation be made with money earned by Germans working in Germany?

▶And what of the idea to split up Germany into two or three small, separate, individual states?

Has partition of a defeated nation ever been a real peace-keeping success? Would it make more sense to turn Germany into an international area under the management of the new world organization?

TIME believes America's greatest need, now and in the coming years, is for the sovereign people to nourish their minds and speak them out on these pressing problems of our time.

To do so, citizens must keep themselves *informed.* So in advertisements like this TIME is seeking to encourage reading, questioning, argument and straight, hard thinking.

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The weekly NEWSMAGAZINE

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the Phoenix Nest

MEETING

SUDDENLY he knew that once more
the sea and the ship were behind him,
And that he had disembarked.
But the tumult was lost, too, and he
felt it would not find him
On this bright shore, unsullied and
unmarked.

Suddenly he found himself striding up
the strand,
Quick, now, and free, and a wild wind
in his hair.
There was awaiting-ness on every hand
And expectancy in the air.

Suddenly, with something beyond what
we call ears and hearing,
He did hear voices—young voices—
shouts and laughter.
What he had been expecting, but not
fearing,
He could not see at once in the wild
light—for sight comes after.

Then he could see—two hundred thousand strong,
Running to meet him, crowding along
the shore,
Eager, laughing, proud—shining with
disbelief,
Those he had summoned, those he had
sent on before,
Out of planes burning, out of ships
sinking, out of stark agony—
Safe, now—and proud; he had joined
them; he stood on their side of
the sea.
Young men, shining and singing; he
heard the words of the song—
"Hail to the Chief!"

DOROTHY STOTT SHAW.

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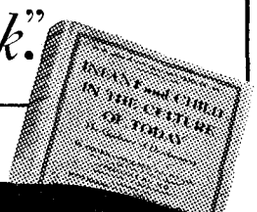

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Dir., Yale Clinic of Child Development
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Asst. Professor of Child Development

"Here in everyday language, the development of the young child is interpreted in terms of normal behavior and its sensible guidance. So far as this reviewer knows, there is nothing like this book in print. For its practical help to parents, teachers and anyone concerned with the very young, it cannot be overpraised," continues the *Times Book Review.*

"To give a general idea of what to expect at various stages (and what to do about it) all the accustomed routines of sleeping, eating, elimination, bath and dressing and the characteristic stages of 'self-activity' and 'sociality' are presented. Helpful suggestions on handling characteristic behavior have been drawn from the experience of the Guidance Nursery of the Yale Clinic, so conveyed as to apply equally to the child at home." $4.00

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HARPER

All tributes have been paid to our dead, to one of the greatest of our Presidents. It seemed to me that among the noblest were the words of Winston Churchill and the first resumed column by Mrs. Roosevelt. The President left his country fully equipped to meet any and all emergencies. He was always a fighter and he fought well. His vision was always long range. The event of his death is still too great a blow for much comment from me. I felt when I first heard the news over the telephone, and I feel now, a loss such as I have only felt when a member of my own family died. Many of us small men have felt that loss as deeply and as personally. And I never in my life laid eyes upon the President, save in pictures.

He was a thoroughly human man, who could lose his temper, who could be scornful and sardonic, who would compromise in a pinch when it was to serve a greater end. He was a patrician, and had been a fortunate youth. He had political ambition, at first. Later he had an intense burning ambition to help make a better world for the ordinary individual to live in. He strongly opposed privilege and monopoly, and privilege and monopoly gave him a hearty hate in return. He strongly opposed prejudice and social injustice; and those who indulge in prejudice and social injustice gave him a hearty hate in return. Of course. Why not? When you fight for anything in this world some opponent hates you heartily for it. That hate did not deter him; because he was a strong man, with a strong will. He fought back, and usually he was a lot smarter than his enemies.

They say, "Oh no, he was no Lincoln—how can you say he was a Lincoln?" But as Lincoln is a symbol he will become a symbol. Lincoln was called a clod-hopper, a yokel, a disgrace to the Presidency, a great many other things that people now conveniently forget. But, as Edwin Arlington Robinson said in his famous poem on Lincoln, "we, the gentlemen who jeered, may be forgotten by and by." F. D. R. was as different from Lincoln, by the circumstances of his life and through many personal characteristics, as any man might be. We know that. He was a product of a different heredity, a different environment, a different age. When we couple his name with Lincoln's, it is because he had the tremendous moral fortitude to pursue a great dream concerning the future of his country and the future of the whole world; and Abraham Lincoln, as no other of the Presidents but President Wilson and this man, also pursued a great dream. F. D. R. wished to make this country great in social and economic virtues, in justice to the stricken average, in the fundamental four freedoms for the common man. He enunciated great principles and kept on enunciating them.

No. He was far from being a perfect man. He merely had a touch of the genius we needed, and that the American people have always recognized. He had a genius for leadership. Not the kind of leadership that leads to the ruin of one's own land, such as Hitler's; but the leadership that has resulted in the United States of America being one of the strongest powers in the world. But he would not have wished us to turn into a swaggering, boastful power, or into a country that forgot fundamental decency, kindness, fair play. For he profoundly believed in fundamental decency, kindness, fair play.

Yes, he espoused the cause of Labor. In no other country in the world today has Labor the same freedom and power. And it behooves Labor to exercise that power, and to support that freedom, with the utmost sense of responsibility. The President was always for the minority group and the underdog. He stood for the rights of the working man—nor did he merely give lip-service to that phrase. He stood against pressure-groups, too. Political rant and Congressional uproar did not impress him. He wanted to get things done, not for "constituencies," but for the whole country, for the future of the whole country.

I see that I have talked anyway. So be it. We who supported the President were far from being a lot of emotionalists. We feel his death deeply

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now because he was a great friend to his country. We wish President Truman the best in the world, and he has made a fine, clean start. We can safely leave F. D. R. to what has been always called "the verdict of posterity." We can, for ourselves, continue, "to flourish in our perigee and have one Titan at a time."

* * *

At a small party the other day, at which I found Edith Pope, author of the novel "Colcorton," I saw upon a desk in the living room three small cylindrical glass cases, each containing a miniature drum, with its proper colors. I asked Miss Ann Wickes about them, and she returned with a smile, "Did you ever read G. A. Henty?" Yes, I said, in my boyhood, until I discovered that he always had the same plot set against a different background. And I told her also of a Pennsylvania judge I used to know who had a complete set of G. A. Henty in his library and read them all through every year. "Well," said she, "I used to love the Henty books, and when my father was in London he brought these back for me. They are the drums of three of the most famous English regiments mentioned by Henty. This one is the Inniskillen Dragoons, that is the Coldstream Guards, and here is the Staffordshire Light Infantry!" I noticed some money on one of the little drums, mostly pennies, so I produced all of my own pennies and placed them on the others. I then saw there was a dime on one, so I put a dime each on the others, again by the way of offering to the long-bearded shade of the old historical writer who was born at Trumpington. I asked Miss Wickes if there was any significance to the coin-collection? "Oh," she said, "I just leave change there that I can grab for bus-fare in the morning."

I am glad to print this sonnet by Isabel Fiske Conant, St. Cloud, Florida.

BRIEF TIME

A few of time's long laws we understand,
Have clutched and curved them to our calendar,
And paralleled to rulings of our land,
But other operating laws there are
That no man penetrates and no man will,
More than the emmets can the striding through
Of mortals, to destruction of their hill
Or to its inch-escape. *Who passed here? Who?*

Your wolf-hound lays its muzzle on your book,
The *vita nuova* of an old-time page,
Yet on Francesca has no power to look
Though he may sense that here is something sage.
And we, at heel of more than Sight-and-Sound,
Guess when some passing Power shakes the ground.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

POET, 28, MALE residing in New York, Army medical discharge for duodenal ulcer, determined on fiction career, desires more compatible employment than tiresome, pre-war, Civil Service stenographic job. Box 238-L.

TRUSTWORTHY YOUNG MAN interested in finer things of life invites sincere correspondence. Box 189-L.

UNDERSTANDING BACHELOR living in large Midwest city, avid reader; seeks stimulating feminine pen pal. Box 194-L.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN wants a stimulating feminine correspondent. Box 203-L.

YOUNG MAN, Easterner, would-be writer, would like to exchange views with young woman, perhaps mature college girl, interested in politics, economics, and world affairs. Box 167-L.

FEMALE, marooned inland, would enjoy hearing from those within hearing of the sound of the sea. Box 169-L.

CULTURED YOUNG MALE INDIVIDUALIST would like to hear from quiet, refined, plain, gentle young maiden. Box 166-L.

YOUNG MAN would welcome letters from young ladies. Box 212-L.

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PLEASANT PERSON, experienced with children, to care for two children, 6 months and 3 years, for summer in Maine. State salary. Box 227-L.

A DOCTOR'S WIFE, two agreeable boys, 3 and 13, would like a New England summer in small inn or with congenial private family. Tennis and swimming easily accessible. Write rates, details immediately. Box 206-L.

LIBRARIAN, private school experience, wishes interesting work for summer months. Box 215-L.

CULTURED ORIENTAL WRITER on international affairs and Asiatic problems desires assistance of financially independent, experienced, and sympathetic literary person to edit his manuscript for style and effectiveness. Box 198-L.

PERSONALS

YOUNG MAN, aged 26, highest references, will drive your car to Northwest Pacific Coast, after June 23rd, taking one passenger. Box 276-L.

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LIBRARIAN, trained. Need living wage placement or other work. Box 266-L.

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(*Continued on next page*)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page* 29)

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ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

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YOUNG MAN would engage in exchange of long letters with young lady. Box 147-L.

WOULD SOME RESPONSIVE FEMALE be interested in receiving stimulating correspondence from a sincere male? Box 199-L.

WANTED: to take charge of small New York apartment and two children, aged 4 and 7, for the father; a refined woman, educated, capable of managing a household. Box 275-L.

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FACSIMILE of Abraham Lincoln's Saloon License, $1.25. Box 241-L.

PERSONALS

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

A FRIEND of mine in a New England town told me a few years ago that their librarian was threatened with exposure to the Board of Trustees if she were ever again caught doing *SRL* puzzles when the lady in question wanted her services. Ever since I have wondered how many librarians do our DCs—in legitimate time, of course. A few of you have written of amusing experiences. It occurs to me to devote this column to you some day, so will others of you who are of us drop me a line, please?

Bernard Pincus, Atlanta, Ga., thinks the Hardy DC was difficult. When I came across it in a volume of his Wessex poems, I grasped it with tongue in cheek for the poetry number of the *SRL*, for Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" had always stirred me to defiance. But I'm sorry that my DC was so hard. Perhaps I had a choice mixture of letters in it to give me the chance!

Names of sculptors not familiar to us do make the puzzles more difficult, but I am glad of the opportunity to pass along my new knowledge; for of all our artists, it seems to me, we know too little of our sculptors, whose devotion to their art deserves more far-reaching recognition.

A peculiar request for damaged copies of our DC books came to us recently from a chaplain of a state prison, as some of the inmates liked the puzzles and could easily mend the books. I recall some years ago a letter enclosing an original DC from such a prisoner who signed his number to the letter; and then I remembered that as a girl I used to like to look at the photos of criminals, in a huge volume on criminology our home library contained, who, the context stated, would not have landed in prisons if they hadn't possessed a unique cleverness, however misdirected.

It is pleasant to receive such letters as that from Mrs. Marcella R. Lehmann, Chicago, who began DCs as "a white collar girl" and though now "a white aproned mama, whose three sons and one daughter steal away a good deal of the time she formerly had for books and puzzles," continues to do them even to enlisting her husband in their doing, as she thinks they "banish worries and inflate one's ego." She predicts that some day her eight-year-old twin sons may take the DCs "right out of her hands."

Or from Mrs. Elizabeth P. Myers, who began them when a junior in high school and who has enjoyed meeting in the column fans whom she knows or has heard of. Thus an aunt in Grand Rapids rediscovered Elizabeth Underhill and they are now exchanging "Do you remember?" letters.

Or from Florence G. Hall, La Jolla, Calif., who met our DCs in Japan and now since 1939 in this country considers the DCs a memory tie with happy years in Japan.

MAY 5, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 580

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 11 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Like or pertaining to snakes.

B. A small, short-tailed, dark sheep, esp. of the Isle of Man.

C. A dissuasive.

D. Large shark with long tail for rounding up its food.

E. The chief seat of Lamaism.

F. King of Saudi Arabia since 1932.

G. Character in "David Copperfield."

H. A candlewood, desert shrub of the U. S. and Mexico.

I. Medley of songs, choruses, skits, etc.

J. Former forest and hunting-ground of Scotland, now a pastoral tract.

K. To speed up (4 wds.; Colloq.)

L. Eyelike (Zoöl.)

M. Arcadian king transformed into a wolf for testing Zeus's divinity (Gr. Myth.)

N. Exclamation signifying an affirmative answer (Comp.)

O. In a contemplative or considerate manner.

P. Locale of "Twelfth Night."

Q. Pertaining to a citizen of the government city of Canada.

R. Artlessness.

S. Poem by Whittier in criticism of Daniel Webster's slavery views.

T. Principal post at foot of stairway of straight flights.

U. The river god who pursued Arethusa (Gr. Myth.)

V. American journalist, called a "muckraker" (1866-1936).

W. Inborn.

X. Syntony (Physics).

WORDS

91 141 119 49 26 88 78

130 30 160 71 139 21 101 63

62 19 169 54 7 33 117 176 23

153 25 11 175 149 17 156 165

180 64 164 105 50

70 60 90 8 152 136 14

5 47 24 32 115 131 154 174

43 118 80 138 113 129 68 94

142 67 155 179 82

140 150 34 109 181 120 168

145 171 20 137 84 106 2 151 72 103 51 122

89 28 16 69 162 128 42 110

97 61 46 18 177 114

77 116 100 132 55

76 3 12 146 58 95 66 44 86 134 161 112

39 85 48 163 147 108 121

4 87 158 96 15 56 73

183 9 133 83 53 38 79

172 99 127 1 10 182 135

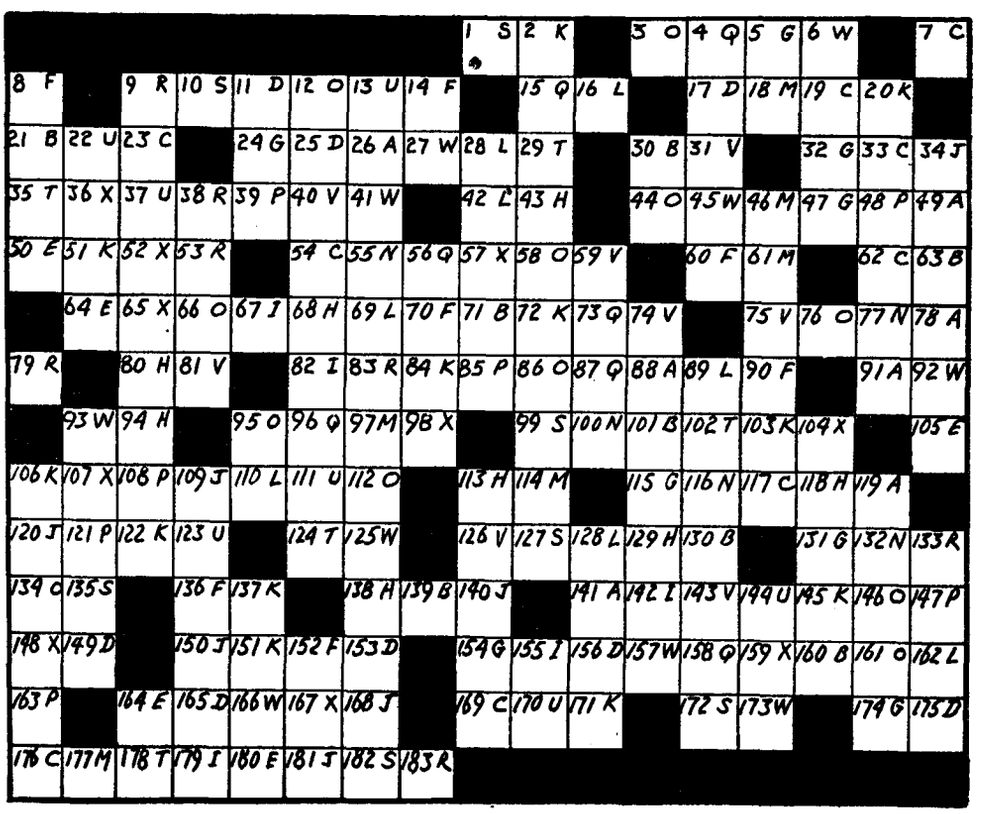
102 29 124 35 178

13 111 37 22 123 170 144

126 74 143 31 81 59 40 75

27 157 41 125 173 6 92 45 93 166

167 107 98 159 57 148 36 104 65 52



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NAMES ON THE LAND

By

George Stewart

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- New York was named for a sacred tree?
- Pennsylvania was a practical joke of Charles II?
- Oklahoma was named by an Indian chief?
- Mississippi was almost called Washington?
- Utah was forced on its people against their will?
- California came from a Spanish romance?
- Colorado was almost called Idaho?
- Oregon was just a map-maker's mistake?

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